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FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG.¹

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What is the flag of England? Winds of the world declare!—KIPLING.

VI.¹

LORD HOWE AND THE FIRST OF JUNE.

1794.

So spake our fathers. Our flag, unfurled,
Blew brave to the north and south;
An iron answer we gave the world,
For we spoke by the cannon's mouth.—NESBIT.

IN his 'Autobiography,' Prince Metternich tells how, on May 2, 1794, from the summit of a hill behind Cowes, he watched a great and historic spectacle. More than 400 ships—great three-deckers, smart frigates, bluff-bowed merchantmen—were setting sail at once. Their tall masts and widespread canvas seemed to fill the whole sea horizon. It was the Channel Fleet under Lord Howe, with a great convoy of merchantmen. 'I consider this,' wrote Prince Metternich, 'the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. I might say, indeed, the most beautiful that human eyes have ever beheld! At a signal from the admiral's ship the merchantmen unfurled their sails, the fleet for the West Indies turned to the west, the fleet for the East Indies passed to the east side of the island, each accompanied with a portion of the royal fleet.

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Hundreds of vessels and boats, filled with spectators, covered the two roads as far as the eye could reach, in the midst of which the great ships followed one another, in the same manner as we see great masses of troops moved on the parade ground.'

It would have added new and strange colours to that wonderful scene if Prince Metternich had realised that this stately fleet was sailing out to one of the greatest sea battles in all history. If he could have looked, in imagination, beyond the sea-rim, and seen, only four weeks afterwards, this same gallant array of ships bearing down on the French line in that mighty combat off Ushant which lives in British history as 'the Glorious First of June.' In the early days of June Prince Metternich saw that same fleet return to Portsmouth, with torn canvas and shot-battered sides, and he records how the stately *Queen Charlotte*, Howe's flagship, 'presented the appearance of a ruin.' But the British fleet brought with them six great French line-of-battle ships as prizes. France had lost her Mediterranean fleet only six weeks before; Hood had destroyed it at Toulon. And now Howe had broken the strength of her Channel fleet off Ushant; and in the long revolutionary war just beginning, Great Britain had scored the first and decisive success.

War betwixt Great Britain and Revolutionary France was inevitable. It was not merely that the wild scenes of the Reign of Terror had shocked the imagination and conscience of Great Britain. The French, in the intoxication of their new-found liberty, were eager to 'sow the revolution' over the whole area of Europe. 'All governments are our enemies,' said the President of the French Convention; 'all peoples are our allies.' Great Britain was threatened in common with all other European Powers. French agents nourished rebellion in Ireland, and supplied arms and soldiers to the native princes in India against England. Holland was the ally of England; and a French army overran the Netherlands and seized the Scheldt, and England had to face the prospect of seeing a French fleet at Antwerp. In 1793 France declared war.

It is unnecessary to follow here the varying fortunes of the Titanic conflict betwixt France and the European Powers which followed. In France itself the harvest had failed. Famine threatened, and in May 1794 a great American convoy of 160 sail, chiefly laden with flour—its cargoes valued at 5,000,000*l.*—was on its way to France, and was most eagerly expected. The French

Government despatched a great fleet under its ablest admiral, Villaret-Joyeuse, to bring the merchant ships safely into Brest. The British fleet which Prince Metternich had watched on May 2 put out from Portsmouth, was intended, first to convoy through the narrow seas some 148 merchantmen bound to Newfoundland and the Indies, and then to go in pursuit of Villaret-Joyeuse, crush his fleet, and capture the American convoy.

On May 28 Howe fell in with the French fleet in wild weather some 400 miles to the westward of Ushant. It is unnecessary to describe in detail the far-stretching evolutions, the partial combats, the retreats and advances, of the five days which preceded the great fight, though the sea has seldom witnessed a more picturesque spectacle. The sea ran high; a gale blew from the south-west. Villaret-Joyeuse was a perfect tactician, his ships were quicker and more weatherly than those of the British, and his aim was not to fight Howe, but to evade him, to decoy him off the line by which the American convoy was approaching, and so enable it to reach Brest safely—a feat on which, as the French Convention had bluntly warned him, depended the safety of his own head. On the tossing floor of that wild sea, scourged with angry south-west gales, for five days these two mighty fleets struck at each other, and circled round each other like two hawks contending, with angry claws and ruffled feathers, and outstretching beaks in the sky. Villaret-Joyeuse clung to the weather gage, evaded a general action, and strove to draw his stubborn antagonist off the track of the coming convoy. Howe could not overtake the main body of the French fleet, but with his faster ships he clung desperately to the more laggard ships in the rear of the French line—clinging, in a word, to Villaret-Joyeuse's tail—and watched every flaw of the wind that might give him the weather gage. One of the most gallant episodes in naval history is the story of how the *Audacious*—a stumpy, short-bodied seventy-four, the smallest of her class in Howe's fleet—hung for a long day on the quarter of the *Révolutionnaire*, a huge three-decker of 120 guns, and with the occasional help of the *Russell*, another seventy-four, actually compelled her giant antagonist to strike—though a dash of the French van for the rescue of the *Révolutionnaire* prevented the *Audacious* from actually putting a prize crew on board the Frenchman.

On May 30 a dense fog swept over the field of action, and for thirty-six hours the two fleets were absolutely invisible to each

other, though the sound of the bells struck on the French ships were distinctly audible to the British. Sometimes through a sudden lane in the fog the huge heavily rolling black hulls of the hostile ships would become for a moment visible; or a look-out perched on some British topmast would see above the low, drifting fog, like spars thrust through some continent of snow, the topmasts of a dozen French battleships. At midday on the 31st the fog had cleared, and the French fleet—thirty-two vessels, twenty-six of them line-of-battle ships—was on the lee bow of the British fleet. Howe, that is, by his patient tactics and fine seamanship, was getting the weather gage of Villaret-Joyeuse, and would be able to compel an engagement. Night fell, however, and still the French admiral was able to evade his stubborn antagonist, and Villaret-Joyeuse, with lights concealed so as to give no clue to his movements, spread every inch of canvas, and pressed on, hoping in the morning to be to windward of his foe. Howe, however, guessed his enemy's tactics. He thrust out his swiftest frigates as tentacles, so as to keep touch with the French fleet, and held a westerly course under full sail all night.

Morning broke clear and dazzling, and full of summer light. It was Sunday. A soft south-west wind blew; an easy sea was running, and about four miles on the starboard or lee bow, stretched the long line of the French fleet—a procession of giants! Howe at last was able to force his adroit antagonist to a fight on something like equal terms. His crews, however, were almost worn out with the toils of the five stormy days and nights, flavoured with intervals of battle, through which they had passed. Howe himself, nearly seventy years of age, had taken no sleep for that period except in a chair, and with cool judgment, before running down to engage, he first sent his fleet to breakfast. The French captains, who expected to see the British ships bear down upon them with all sails spread, misunderstood that pause. Troubridge, who afterwards commanded the *Culloden* at the battle of the Nile, was, as it happened, a prisoner of war on board the *Sans Pareil*, and its captain made some sneering remark to him about the reluctance of the British to engage. 'There will be no fight to-day,' he said, 'your admiral will not venture down.' Troubridge, however, perfectly understood Howe's tactics. 'English sailors,' he replied, 'never like to fight on empty stomachs. The signal is flying for all hands to breakfast, after which, be quite sure, they will pay you a visit'! Less than six hours afterwards the

captain of the *Sans Pareil*, with his masts gone by the board, his bulwarks torn to splinters, and one-third of his crew struck down, was inviting Troubridge to pull down the colours of his ship in token of surrender !

The two fleets just about to close in the fiery wrestle of battle, made up a stately spectacle. The French admiral's flagship, the *Montagne*, was, perhaps, the finest battleship then afloat. She carried 120 guns and a crew of nearly 1,200 men. In addition Villaret-Joyeuse had under his command two three-deckers of 110 guns each, four of eighty guns, and nineteen seventy-fours. This formed a fleet of twenty-six line-of-battle ships, which, with some frigates and one fifty-gun ship, brought the total up to thirty-two vessels. The British had only twenty-five line-of-battle ships to oppose to this force, and no one of them, in tonnage or weight of fire, could compare with the French flagship. The French, in fact, had a decisive, though not an overwhelming, advantage at every point. A French ship of that period had almost invariably a heavier tonnage and weight of fire than a British ship of the same class. Thus, the broadside of a British ninety-eight weighed 958 lbs. ; that of a French second-class eighty-gun ship weighed 1,079 lbs. A French 110-gun ship threw a broadside of 1,278 lbs. ; the *Queen Charlotte's* broadside weighed only 1,158 lbs., and the *Montagne* was 800 tons bigger than the *Queen Charlotte* ! The French fleet was manned by 20,000 men, the British by about 17,000.

The advantage was thus with the French at every point, and the French Convention had taken special steps to harden the courage of its admirals and sailors. It had passed a motion directing that every officer should be adjudged a traitor who struck his colours to a superior force until his ship was actually sinking. A member of the Convention, Jean Bon Saint-André, was present as commissioner on board the *Montagne*, to remind the French admirals that defeat would cost them their heads. It is interesting to learn that Jean Bon Saint-André, whose business it was to keep the courage of the fleet up to the heroic standard, proved, on actual trial, not to have a stock of courage sufficient for his own consumption ! When the tall masts of the *Queen Charlotte* threw their menacing shadow over the quarter of the *Montagne*, and the blast of its terrific broadside swept like a tempest of flame along the decks of that great ship, M. Jean Bon Saint-André, with all the authority and heroism of the Convention under his cocked

hat, fled in mere terror to the safe and ignoble seclusion of the cock-pit, and never emerged till the battle was over.

Howe's plan of action was simple and bold. He spent some time in changing the order of his ships, so as to pit against each French vessel one of reasonably equal strength; then he signalled to his captains to bear down on the enemy. The two lines were approaching obliquely, and each British captain was directed, on nearing the French line, to put his helm down, run through an interval betwixt two French ships, then bear up and engage his special antagonist to leeward. In this way the line would be pierced simultaneously at twenty points; the British ships as they passed through the intervals in the French line, would rake the ships to larboard and starboard; and, fighting to leeward, each ship would make the escape of her crippled antagonist impossible.

It was a pretty scheme, implying a haughty confidence in the superiority of each British ship to each French ship, and involving much hard fighting; but if successful it meant the destruction of Villaret-Joyeuse's whole force.

Howe brought his fleet up in perfect order, and, at 9.20 A.M., he closed his signal book with a sigh of relief and satisfaction. His functions as admiral had ceased. Further 'tactics' were unnecessary; nothing remained but that in which British sailors seldom fail, plain, straightforward combat. But Howe closed his signal-book prematurely. Two circumstances suddenly threatened to spoil his whole plan. One was the fact that, in some cases, the intervals betwixt the French ships were too narrow to permit the passage of an English ship. The other was of an uglier quality. The ship that led the British van, the *Cæsar*, instead of leading boldly on and running down through its assigned interval in the French line, threw its main topsail aback, hauled to the wind, and opened a somewhat useless fire on the enemy 500 yards distant. This checked the advance of the British line, and was a conspicuous example of disobedience to orders. The captain of the *Cæsar*, Molloy, had shown courage in many engagements, but Howe had been dissatisfied with him during the sparring betwixt the fleets on the previous days, and proposed to displace the *Cæsar* from its place of honour at the head of the British line. The captain of the fleet, Sir Roger Curtis, who was Molloy's friend, persuaded the admiral to abandon that intention; but when Howe saw the *Cæsar*, with her topsails

aback, checking the British line, and failing to close with decision on the enemy, he put his hand on his captain's shoulder and said, 'Look, Curtis! there goes your friend. Who is mistaken now?' It was found afterwards that a French shot had damaged the rudder of the *Cæsar* and almost rendered her unmanageable; but Molloy, who after the fight himself demanded a court-martial, was dismissed his ship. The truth is, this was the first great naval engagement of the war, and British captains had not developed that habit of fierce and close fighting which Jervis and Nelson afterwards made their characteristic.

Howe himself, however, moved steadily on his path, grimly silent. He had chosen the French flagship, the huge *Montagne*, with her 120 guns, as his special antagonist. As the *Queen Charlotte*, in perfect fighting order, swept majestically along the French line, the *Vengeur*, a heavy seventy-four-gun ship, smote her with a fierce broadside, to which Howe deigned no answer. Still moving onward, and now approaching very close to the French flagship, the *Achille*, a sister ship to the *Vengeur*, joined in the tempest of fire being poured on the silent *Queen Charlotte*. Howe blasted that unfortunate ship with one terrific broadside, then being within two ship's lengths of the *Montagne*, he swung his ship round and pointed her stem towards the interval betwixt the flagship and the ship to the rearward of her in the French line, the *Jacobin*, a fine vessel of eighty guns. Both the *Montagne* and the *Jacobin* tried to cheat Howe of his purpose. The captain of the *Montagne* threw his sails aback, so that the ship began to drift astern; the captain of the *Jacobin*, on the other hand, shook out some of her sails so as to move ahead, and thus close the interval. Howe held on his course unswervingly. The stems of the *Jacobin* and the *Queen Charlotte*, and the stern of the *Montagne* threatened to meet in ruinous collision.

But the nerve of the captain of the *Jacobin* at the critical moment failed. The triple lines of silent guns that looked grimly out from the tall sides of the *Queen Charlotte* wore a very menacing aspect. If they broke into flame across his bows, the *Jacobin* would be half destroyed at a blow. The *Jacobin's* captain put down his helm, the bow of his ship fell off, and that vessel shot ahead, and to the leeward of the *Montagne*. At the same moment the helm of the *Queen Charlotte* was put hard over, and she swept under the stern of the French flagship. The two ships were so close, indeed, that the French ensign, as it waved

from the *Montagne's* flagstaff, brushed the main and mizzen-shrouds of the *Queen Charlotte*. Howe had held his fire up to that moment, but just as the French flag was scraping the shrouds of the *Queen Charlotte*, her fifty guns poured their iron hail through the sides and across the decks of the Frenchman. A more destructive broadside was, perhaps, never fired. It slew, or struck down, or wounded, more than 300 men, including the captain. The sailors afterwards declared that a coach might have been driven in the huge rent made in the stern of the *Montagne* by that one broadside! So staggering was the blow, indeed, that the *Montagne* did not fire a gun by way of reply.

Codrington, who afterwards commanded at Navarino, was lieutenant on the *Queen Charlotte*, Howe's flagship, and had charge of seven guns on the lower deck. He tells how the first guns were fired in very realistic fashion. 'I,' says Codrington, 'was on the lower deck. The ports were lowered to prevent the sea washing in. On going through the smoke I hauled up a port, and could just see it was a French ship we were passing.' Codrington was without orders; he was a young lieutenant in his first battle, but the sight of the Frenchman's stern was enough for him, and he instantly acted. 'I successively hauled up the ports,' he says, 'and myself fired the whole of my seven weather guns into her; then ran to leeward and fired the lee guns into the other ship. The weather guns bore first as we went through on a slant, therefore, I had time for the lee guns.' When the ports were lifted the sea broke in, and as the guns were fired the breechings were, in most instances, carried away. The scene, in brief, was one of the wildest confusion; but nothing shook Codrington's steady nerve. 'In passing under the *Montagne's* stern,' he says, 'I myself waited at the bow port till I saw the Frenchman's rudder guns (thirty-two pounders, double-shotted), and then I pulled the trigger, the same sea splashing us both, and the fly of her ensign brushed our shrouds. I pulled the trigger of the whole seven guns in the same way, as I saw the rudder just above the gun-room ports. On going on deck Bowen (Howe's flag-captain), in answer to my asking if I had done wrong in firing without any immediate orders, said, "I could have kissed you for it!" He added, "In going through the helm was hard up, and we were thinking we should not clear her, and we quite forgot to send you any orders."'

The *Queen Charlotte* should now have rounded the stern of the

Montagne and engaged her to starboard, but the *Jacobin* occupied the exact position the *Queen Charlotte* desired to take. Howe was about to take his position outside the latter vessel, when his master, Bowen, a cool and quick-eyed sailor, saw that the *Jacobin's* rudder was swinging to port. That ship, in a word, was about herself to move off to leeward. Instantly the helm of the *Queen Charlotte* was shifted, her stem swung round. So close was she to the *Jacobin* that her jib-boom was drawn roughly across the mizzen-shrouds of that vessel, and through the narrow lane betwixt the two ships the *Queen Charlotte* moved, while her guns broke into flame along her whole length on both sides.

Had the *Jacobin*, indeed, kept her position, the *Queen Charlotte*, with a ship of eighty guns to leeward, and one of 120 guns to windward of her, would have fared ill. She might well have been blown into mere chips! But the *Jacobin* had no intention of staying near an antagonist with such a fury and weight of fire, and she ran down to leeward out of the fight, firing as she went. Howe, meanwhile, was thundering on the *Montagne* with broadsides so swift and deadly, that the great ship, as though bewildered by strokes that followed each other in such breathless haste, scarcely made any reply. She found a door of escape, however. A chance shot from the *Jacobin* carried away the *Queen Charlotte's* fore-topmast, and checked her progress, and the French flagship, moving ahead, passed out of the range of the British ship's fire. But her decks were strewn thick with the dead, many of her guns were dismounted, her stern frame and starboard quarter were wrecked.

The spectacle of the *Jacobin* running to leeward, and of the flagship herself quitting the line, moved many of the French ships to imitation. Their line crumbled into shapelessness, and Howe threw out the signal for a general chase. The *Queen Charlotte*, meanwhile, was engaged in fierce duel with a French eighty-four, the *Juste*, which ship at last struggled out of the whirlwind of fire with which the *Queen Charlotte* encompassed her, in a very wrecked condition, and the *Queen Charlotte* herself—which by this time could barely keep steerage way—was left to point her battered nose towards some new antagonist.

The story of the First of June is a catalogue of duels betwixt individual ships under the rival flags, and the most gallant—perhaps the most gallant single fight ever fought at sea—is that betwixt the *Vengeur*, a French seventy-four, and the *Brunswick*, a ship

of the same class, but with a lighter weight of fire, and a crew of only 600 men against the *Vengeur's* 700.

The *Brunswick* was Lord Howe's second astern, and was to have cut through the line behind the *Jacobin*, the ship next to the French admiral. Both the *Achille* and the *Vengeur*, however—the ships next in succession—moved up and closed the interval, and Harvey, who commanded the *Brunswick*, impatient of further delay, put his helm a-port and ran fairly on the *Vengeur*, the *Brunswick's* anchors hooking into the *Vengeur's* foreshrouds and channels. The master of the *Brunswick* asked Harvey if he should cut the ship clear of the *Vengeur*. 'No,' was the reply; 'we've got her, and we'll keep her!' And both ships, paying off before the wind, drifted to leeward wrapped in a whirlwind of flame. The crew of the *Brunswick* were unable to open their lower deck starboard ports, as the sides of the two ships were grinding together, and they coolly fired through the closed ports; and, as far as the fire from the lower decks was concerned, the British had all the advantage. As the great ships rolled in the trough of the sea, the British seamen alternately withdrew the coils from their guns, and drove them home; thus one broadside was fired with muzzles depressed so that the shot pierced through the enemy's hull below the water-line, the next broadside was fired with muzzles elevated so as to rip up the decks.

On the upper deck, however, the *Vengeur* had the advantage. She had thirty-six pounder carronades on her poop deck, and with these she swept the poop and forecastle and main deck of the *Brunswick* as with a besom of fire. The gallant Harvey himself was thrice wounded, and carried a dying man off the deck. After this dreadful combat had lasted nearly an hour, a French three-decker, the *Achille*, was seen bearing down on the *Brunswick*. Her mizzen and main masts were gone, but her foremast still stood. The *Brunswick's* larboard broadside was opened on the *Achille* when that ship was within musket-shot distance, with such effect, that her sole remaining mast, with its pile of canvas, came tumbling down. She swung round parallel with the *Brunswick*, and after exchanging half a dozen broadsides with that ship, struck her colours! Thus the *Brunswick*, while fighting the *Vengeur* to leeward, compelled the *Achille*, to windward, to strike. The *Brunswick*, however, still engaged in deadly wrestle with the *Vengeur*, could not launch a boat to take possession of the *Achille*,

and that ship, at last, hoisting up a spritsail, crept out of fire with re-hoisted colours.

At 12.45 P.M. a heavy roll of the two ships tore the *Brunswick's* anchors loose from the *Vengeur*, and the dismantled and shattered hulls, still sullenly firing at each other, swung apart. The *Ramilles*, an English seventy-four, commanded, as it happened, by the brother of the *Brunswick's* captain, at this moment swept through the zone of smoke which encircled the two ships, in pursuit of the *Achille*, and fired one deadly broadside as it passed into the stern of the *Vengeur*. At one o'clock the *Vengeur* struck, a Union Jack being hung out over her quarter as a sign of surrender; but the *Brunswick* was in no condition to take possession of her beaten foe. The much-battered *Vengeur* sank lower and still lower in the sea; at each roll the water swept in through her ports. Late in the afternoon the boats of the *Alfred*, the *Culloden*, and of a British cutter, the *Rattler*, took off the captain and crew of the *Vengeur*, and the great ship, with splintered bulwarks, dismantled guns and decks splashed red with slaughter, sank. Four hundred of her crew had been taken off by the boats of the British, but some remained. They had broken, it was said, into the spirit room, and were drunk, and, just as the great ship made her final plunge, a few of them were visible on deck, shouting, in drunken defiance, 'Vive la République!'

By noon the firing had died down. Eleven of the British ships were more or less nearly dismantled, twelve of the French were in yet more evil case, and were drifting helplessly to leeward. Villaret-Joyeuse gathered by signal his uninjured, or slightly injured ships around him, and bore down to cover the shattered, drifting hulks which formed the rest of his fleet. It was a gallant stroke, both of tactics and of seamanship, and actually saved at least five French ships from becoming prizes. Howe met the attempt by a counterstroke, and Villaret-Joyeuse drew off, leaving seven great line-of-battle ships to become British prizes. Of these one, the *Vengeur*, sank; the other six were carried in triumph into Portsmouth.

The battle of the First of June, in one sense, failed of its strategic object. The great American convoy was not intercepted; afterwards, indeed, it crossed the waters where the great fight had raged, and found them strewn with the wrecks of the fight, and reached Brest in safety. Howe, too, has been blamed for not

making the most of his victory. He had at least one-third of his fleet in perfect fighting condition, yet he allowed Villaret-Joyeuse to carry off five dismantled ships in safety. The truth is, Howe himself, a man nearly seventy years of age, was physically prostrate with the long strain of the fight and of the manœuvres of the preceding days; and he had reason to complain of some of his captains. But the First of June was a great and memorable victory. The total loss of the British in killed and wounded was less than 1,200, that of the French was not less than 7,000. The moral effect of the victory, too, was immense. It was the first great naval engagement of the revolutionary war, and it gave to British fleets a confidence and prestige which powerfully influenced the whole history of that war.

The battle abounded in picturesque and even amusing incidents. Pakenham, for example, who commanded the *Invincible*, was a daring but somewhat reckless Irishman. He drifted through the smoke on a French ship, and opened fire upon her with great energy. After a time, the fire of the Frenchman died away, while that of the *Invincible* grew yet more furious. Pakenham, however, was dissatisfied with the circumstance that the Frenchman made no reply, and he hailed her to know if she surrendered. The Frenchman replied, energetically, 'No!' whereupon the gallant Irishman inquired in tones of disgust, 'Then, — you, why don't you fire!' Gambier, another of Howe's captains, was the exact opposite of the hare-brained Pakenham; a fine sailor, a brave fighter, and of sober and puritanic temper. His ship, the *Defence*, of seventy-four guns, fought gallantly, and had two of her masts shot away; when, through the smoke, the tall masts of a French three-decker were visible bearing down upon her. A lieutenant hurried to the quarter-deck and cried to Gambier, ' — my eyes, sir, but here's a whole mountain coming down upon us! What shall we do?' To which the unmoved Gambier answered by asking how his officer dared at such a moment as that to come to him with an oath in his mouth. 'Go down to your guns, sir,' he added, 'and encourage your men to stick to their guns like British tars!'

Perhaps the most humorous story in connection with the First of June is the amazing fable of the *Vengeur*, which is due to the patriotic imagination, unrestrained by any regard for prosaic accuracy, of Barrère. Barrère reported to the Convention that the *Vengeur* went down with all her colours flying, scorning to sur-

render ; 'Vive la République, and a universal volley from the upper deck being the last sound she made.' 'Glorieuse affaire du *Vengeur*' became, for the French, a national myth. It has inspired innumerable French songs. A wooden model of the *Vengeur* was solemnly consecrated, and placed in the Pantheon. Carlyle embodied the story in his 'French Revolution.' 'Lo!' he wrote, 'all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolour that will yet run on rope flies rustling aloft. The whole crew crowds to the upper deck ; and with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts, "Vive la République," sinking, sinking.' Carlyle later on discovered how wild a flight of fiction the whole story was. Barrère was a liar of Titanic scale ; but the *Vengeur* myth, Carlyle declared, must be pronounced, 'Barrère's masterpiece ; the largest, most inspiring piece of blague manufactured for some centuries by any man or nation.' At the time the *Vengeur* went down the battle had ceased for some hours ; her captain was peacefully getting his lunch in one of the cabins of the *Culloden*, and some 400 of her crew had been rescued, much to their own satisfaction, by the boats of the various British ships !

Howe, the victor of the First of June, does not stand in the first rank of British admirals. He had no touch of Nelson's electric genius for war, or of Jervis's iron will. It may be doubted whether he could have followed an enemy's fleet through tempest and darkness and unknown reefs, with the cool and masterful daring with which Hawke followed Conflans into the tangle of reefs off Quiberon. But Howe belongs to the type of men who are the strength of the State. Unselfish, loyal, single-minded, putting duty before glory and the State before self. He was known as 'Black Dick' amongst his crews, from his dark complexion and hair, and he was loved as few British leaders, by either sea or land, have ever been loved. And the secret of the affection he awakened lay not so much in his patience and gentleness of temper, or his keen regard for the health and comfort of his men—it was found in the crystalline simplicity and sincerity of his character ; his calm indifference to either gain or fame ; and his self-forgetting patriotism.

CHARLES LAMB AND ROBERT LLOYD,¹

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

II.

AND now we come to one of the gems of the correspondence—the eulogy of Father Izaak. The date is February 7, 1801 :—

I shall expect you to bring me a brimful account of the pleasure which Walton has given you, when you come to town. It must square with your mind. The delightful innocence and healthfulness of the Angler's mind will have blown upon yours like a Zephyr. Don't you already feel your spirit *filled* with the scenes?—the banks of rivers—the cowslip beds—the pastoral scenes—the real alehouses—and hostesses and milkmaids, as far exceeding Virgil and Pope as the 'Holy Living' is beyond Thomas à Kempis? Are not the eating and drinking joys painted to the life?—do they not inspire you with an animated hunger? Are not you ambitious of being made an Angler? What edition have you got?—is it Hawkins's with plates of Piscator &c.? That sells very dear. I have only been able to purchase the last Edition, without the old plates which pleased my childhood; the plates being worn out and the old edition difficult and expensive to procure. The 'Complete Angler' is the only Treatise written in Dialogues that is worth a halfpenny. Many elegant dialogues have been written (such as Bishop Berkeley's 'Minute Philosopher') but in all of them the Interlocutors are merely abstract arguments personify'd; not living dramatic characters, as in Walton, where *every thing* is alive, the fishes are absolutely characterized, and birds and animals are as interesting as men and women.

That passage in itself makes the letter golden; but Lamb was in a generous mood—he went on to sing of the graces of his beloved London:

I perfectly understand the nature of your solitariness at Birm. [Birmingham] and wish I could divide myself, 'like a bribed haunch,' between London and it. But courage!—you will soon be emancipated, and (it may be) have a frequent power of visiting this great place. Let them talk of Lakes and mountains and romantic dales—all that fantastic stuff: give me a ramble by night, in the winter nights in London—the lamps lit—the pavements of the motley Strand crowded with to and fro passengers—the shops all brilliant, and stuffed with obliging customers and obliged tradesmen; give me the old Bookstalls of London—a walk in the bright Piazzas of Covent Garden. I defy a man to be dull in such places—perfect Mahometan paradises upon Earth!—I have lent out my heart with usury

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to such scenes from my childhood up, and have cried with fulness of joy at the multitudinous scenes of Life in the crowded streets of ever dear London. I wish you could fix here. I don't know if you quite comprehend my low Urban Taste; but depend upon it that a man of any feeling will have given his heart and his love in childhood and in boyhood to any scenes where he has been bred: as well to dirty streets (and smokey walls, as they are called) as to green Lanes 'where live nibbling sheep' and to the everlasting hills and the Lakes and ocean. A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces jostling into the playhouse at the hour of six is a more beautiful spectacle to man than the shepherd driving his 'silly' sheep to fold.

It is now that at last we realise what a truly worthy young man this Robert Lloyd was. Lovers of good literature owe him a debt which will be difficult of liquidation: firstly, for having artlessly extracted precious words from one of the choicest minds that England can boast, and secondly for having preserved them.

Thus did the Quaker recusant incite Charles Lamb to write of Jeremy Taylor. The date is April 16, 1801:—

Doctor Jeremy Taylor late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland and Administrator of the See of Dromore: such are the titles which his sounding title pages give him; and I love the man, and I love his paraphernalia, and I like to name him with all his attributions and additions. If you are yet but lightly acquainted with his real manner, take up and read the whole first chapter of the 'Holy DYING'; in particular turn to the first paragraph of the 2 sect. of that chapter for a simile of a rose, or more truly many similes within simile—for such were the riches of his fancy, that when a beauteous image offered, before he could stay to expand it into all its capacities, throngs of new coming images came up, and jostled out the first, or blended in disorder with it, which imitates the order of every rapid mind. But read all the first chapter by my advice; and I know I need not advise you, when you have read it, to read the second. Or for another specimen, (where so many beauties crowd, the judgment has yet vanity enough to think it can discern a handsomest, till a second judgment and a third *ad infinitum* start up to disallow their elder brother's pretensions,) turn to the story of the Ephesian Matron in the second section of the 5th chapter of the same 'Holy DYING' (I still refer to the *Dying* part, because it contains better matter than the 'Holy Living,' which deals more in rules than illustrations—I mean in comparison with the other only, else it has more and more beautiful illustrations than any prose work besides)—read it yourself and shew it to Plumstead (with my LOVE, and bid him write to me) and ask him if WILLY himself has ever told a story with more circumstances of FANCY and HUMOUR.

The paragraph begins 'But that which is to be faulted,' and the story not long after follows. Make these references, while P. is with you, that you may stir him up to the Love of Jeremy Taylor, and make a convertite of him. Coleridge was the man who first solemnly exhorted me to 'study' the works of Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and I have had reason to bless the hour in which he did it.

Read as many of his works as you can get. I will assist you in getting them, when we go a stall hunting together in London, and it's odds if we don't get a good Beaumont and Fletcher cheap.

(Plumstead was Robert's younger brother.)

In the next letter, belonging also to 1801, Lamb returns to Jeremy Taylor. Robert Lloyd seems to have replied to the previous letter by asking Lamb why he did not turn his admiration to account by making a selection of Jeremy Taylor's beauties. The reply is conclusive:—

To your enquiry respecting a selection from Bishop Taylor I answer—It cannot be done, and if it could it would not *take* with John Bull. It cannot be done, for who can disentangle and unthread the rich texture of Nature and Poetry sewn so thick into a stout cord of theology, without spoiling both *lace* and *coat*? How beggarly and how bold do even Shakespeare's Princely Pieces look, when thus violently divorced from *connection* and *circumstance*! When we meet with 'To be or not to be,' or Jacques's moralizings upon the Deer, or Brutus and Cassius' quarrel and reconciliation, in an 'Enfield Speaker' or in 'Elegant Extracts'—how we stare and will scarcely acknowledge to ourselves (what we are conscious we feel) that they are flat and have no power. Something exactly like this have I experienced when I have picked out similes and stars from 'Holy Dying' and shewn them *per se*, as you'd shew specimens of minerals or pieces of rock. Compare the grand effect of the Star-paved firmament and imagine a boy capable of picking out those pretty twinklers one by one and playing at chuck farthing with them. Everything in heaven and earth, in man and in story, in books and in fancy, acts by Confederacy, by juxtaposition, by circumstances and place. Consider a fine family—(if I were not writing to you I might instance your own)—of sons and daughters, with a respectable father and a handsome mother at their heads, all met in one house, and happy round one table: earth cannot show a more lovely and venerable sight, such as the Angels in heaven might lament that in their country there is no marrying or giving in marriage; take and split this Body into individuals—show the separate caprices, vagaries, &c., of Charles, Rob or Plum—one a Quaker, another a churchman,—the eldest daughter seeking a husband out of the pale of parental faith—another warping perhaps—the father a prudent, circumspective, do-one-good sort of man *blest* with children whom no ordinary rules can circumscribe—I have not room for all particulars; but just as this happy and venerable Body of a family loses by splitting and considering individuals too nicely, so it is when we pick out Best Bits out of a great writer. 'Tis the Sum total of his mind which affects us.

We pass to further literary criticisms. On June 26, 1801, Lamb writes:—

Cooke in 'Richard the Third' is a perfect caricature. He gives you the *monster* Richard, but not the *man* Richard. Shakespeare's bloody character

impresses you with awe and deep admiration of his witty parts, his consummate hypocrisy, and indefatigable prosecution of purpose. You despise, detest, and loathe the cunning, vulgar, low and fierce Richard, which Cooke substitutes in his place. He gives you no other idea, than of a vulgar villain, rejoicing in his being able to over reach, and not possessing that joy in *silent* consciousness, but betraying it, like a *poor* villain, in sneers and distortions of the face, like a droll at a country fair; not to add that cunning so self-betraying and manner so vulgar could never have deceived the politic Buckingham, nor the soft Lady Anne. Both, bred in courts, would have turned with disgust from such a fellow. Not but Cooke has *powers*; but not of discrimination. His manner is strong, coarse and vigorous, and well adapted to some characters. But the lofty imagery and high sentiments and high Passions of *Poetry* come blank and prose-smoked from his prose lips. . . . I am possessed with an admiration of the genuine Richard, his genius, and his mounting spirit, which no consideration of his cruelties can depress. Shakespeare has not made Richard so black a monster as is supposed. Wherever he is monstrous, it was to conform to vulgar opinion. But he is generally a man. Read his most exquisite address to the Widowed Queen to court her daughter for him: the topics of maternal feeling, of a deep knowledge of the heart, are such as no monster could have supplied. Richard must have *felt*, before he could feign so well, tho' ambition choked the good seed. I think it is the most finished piece of Eloquence in the world: of *persuasive* oratory, far above Demosthenes, Burke or any man. Far exceeding the courtship of Lady Anne. *Her* relenting is barely natural after all; the more perhaps S.'s merit to make *impossible* appear *probable*, but the Queen's *consent* (taking in all the circumstances and topics, *private* and *public*, with his angelic address, able to draw the host of [a piece is here cut from the letter] Lucifer) is *probable*. . . . All the inconsistency is, that Shakespeare's better Genius was forced to struggle against the prejudices which made a monster of Richard. He set out to paint a *monster*, but his human sympathies produced a *man*.

Are you not tired with all this *ingenious* criticism? I am.

Richard itself is totally metamorphosed in the wretched acting play of that name, which you will see: altered by *Cibber*.

A break of three years now occurs, the next letter of Lamb's to Robert Lloyd being dated March 13, 1804; but we have glimpses of the Lloyd family in his other correspondence. Thus he writes to Manning in August 1801 (Canon Ainger's edition, vol. i. p. 172):—'All the Lloyds wonder that you do not write to them. They apply to me for the cause. Relieve me from this weight of ignorance, and enable me to give a truly oracular response.' And to Coleridge Lamb remarks on March 20, 1803 (Canon Ainger's edition, vol. i. p. 200):—'Robert Lloyd has written me a masterly letter, containing a character of his father. See how different from Charles he views the old man! (*Literatim*): "My

father smokes, repeats Homer in Greek, and Virgil, and is learning, when from business, with all the vigour of a young man, Italian. He is, really, a wonderful man. He mixes public and private business, the intricacies of disordering life, with his religion and devotion. No one more rationally enjoys the romantic scenes of Nature, and the chit-chat and little vagaries of his children; and, though surrounded with an ocean of affairs, the very neatness of his most obscure cupboard in the house passes not unnoticed. I never knew anyone view with such clearness, nor so well satisfied with things as they are, and make such allowance for things which must appear perfect Syriac to him." By the last he means the Lloydisms of the younger branches. His portrait of Charles (exact as far as he has had opportunities of noting him) is most exquisite:—"Charles is become steady as a church, and as straightforward as a Roman road. It would distract him to mention anything that was not as plain as sense; he seems to have run the whole scenery of life, and now rests as the formal precision of non-existence." Here is genius, I think, and 'tis seldom a young man, a Lloyd, looks at a father (so differing) with such good nature while he is alive.'

Lamb's next letter to Robert Lloyd throws light on that young man's employment during the interval. He had been falling in love. Lamb writes:—

Am I ever to see you? for it is like letters to the dead or for a friend to write to his friend in the Fortunate Isles or the moon, or at the Antipodes, to address a line to ONE in Warwickshire that I am never to see in London. I shall lose the very face of Robert by disuse, and I question, if I were a painter, if I could now paint it from memory. . . . I could tell you many things, but you are so spiritual and abstracted, that I fear to insult you with tidings of this world. But may your approaching husband-hood humanize you. I think I see a dawn. I am sure joy is rising upon you, and I stand a tip-toe to see the sun ascending till it gets up and up, and 'while a man tells the story' shews at last a fair face and a full light.

Robert Lloyd was married to Hannah Hart in the summer of 1804. In the bundle of correspondence which contains the letters of Charles Lamb is a packet of letters written to this lady by Robert Lloyd during his courtship. To read documents so intimate is not a congenial task, but a biographer must take his material wherever he can. The letters in question are distinguished by none of the acumen and literary skill which Lamb admired in the portraits of the two Charles Lloyds that we

have just seen. Nor have they any of the little endearments and private tendernesses in which love letters are often wealthy. They are rhapsodic and rhetorical, and, to an alien eye, humorously egotistical. One interesting fact we gather from them: Robert Lloyd had become a member of the Militia. This proves that his break with Quakerism was complete. In Lamb's next letter—September 13, 1804—he makes a pronouncement of his own concerning marriage:—

I thank you kindly for your offers to bring me acquainted with Mrs. Ll. I cannot come now, but assuredly I will some time or other, to see how this new relation sits upon you. I am naturally shy of new faces; but the Lady who has chosen my old friend Robert cannot have a repelling one. Assure her of my sincere congratulations and friendly feelings. Mary joins in both with me, and considers herself as only left out of your kind invitation by some LAPSUS STYLL . . .

All these new nuptials do not make me unquiet in the perpetual prospect of celibacy. There is a quiet dignity in old-bachelorhood, a leisure from cares, noise, &c., an enthronization upon the armed chair of a man's feeling that he may sit, walk, read, unmolested, to none accountable—but hush! or I shall be torn in pieces like a Churlish Orpheus by young married women and bride-maids of Birmingham. The close is this, to every man that way of life which in his election is best. Be as happy in yours as I am determined to be in mine, and we shall strive lovingly who shall sing best the praises of matrimony, and the praises of singleness.

Adieu, my old friend in a new character, and believe me that no 'wounds' have pierced our friendship: only a long want of seeing each other has dis-furnished us of topics on which to talk. Is not your new fortunes a topic, which may hold us for some months (the honey months at least)?

And then came another gap of even longer duration; for the date of the next letter is February 25, 1809. It may be that the correspondence continued, but that Lloyd did not preserve the letters; more probably neither man wrote. Nothing is more easy than to break a correspondence, even of the most familiar character; and nothing so frequently causes such a break as marriage. We must suppose that Robert Lloyd gained new interests and ceased to write. Lamb's letters had always been replies to his young friend; and therefore when the young friend ceased to write, Lamb naturally ceased too. Meanwhile, Robert had become a partner in the book-selling and printing business of Knott and Lloyd at Birmingham, and had settled down with no further indecision or temptation to rove. Early in 1809, however,

he visited London, on business and pleasure combined, and wrote to forewarn Lamb. Lamb replied on February 25 :—

A great gap has been filled up since our intercourse was broken off. We shall at least have some things to talk over, when we meet. That you should never have been in London since I saw you last is a fact which I cannot account for on the principles of my own mental formation. You are worthy to be mentioned with Claudian's old Man of Verona. I forbear to ask you any questions concerning your family—*who* are dead, and *who* are married?—I will not anticipate our meeting. I have been in total darkness respecting you all these years. I am just up, and have heard, without being able to confirm the fact, that Drury Lane Theatre is burnt to the ground.

I live at present at Number 16, Mitre Court Buildings, Inner Temple. I shall move at Ladyday, or a little later : if you don't find me in M. C. B. I shall be at No. 2 or 4, Inner Temple Lane. At either of which places I shall be happy to shake my old friend Robert by the hand.

The story of this momentous visit is told in some sprightly letters written by Robert Lloyd to his wife—letters of greater interest far than those which he penned as a wooer. The first—dated March 1809—runs thus :—

MY DEAREST HANNAH,—My head has been in a perpetual whirl since I came here, and in two days I have lived many weeks. I would fain have written to you by to-day's post, but it was scarcely practicable. The first thing after breakfast we went to the Horse Guards to hear the band play while they mounted guard. We afterwards went to Mr. Millar's, bookseller, in Albemarle Street, where we had a complete treat. For instance, we saw a copy of the 'Shipwreck,' printed on velvet, and the price thirty guineas. Indeed, I never saw such splendour in the furniture of Books before. Mr. Millar was not in the shop, but in a Book room fitted up in the first style of elegance. From thence we went to the London Institution, where I was completely delighted. The House of Commons afterwards attracted our notice—the place where *Fox* and *Pitt* sat occasioned most lively emotions. I should have gone to-night in the Gallery, but a circumstance as follows prevented me : having called at the India House and met with my *old* friend Lamb, who asked me to dinner, which I of course accepted, necessarily prevented my attending the House of Commons. Lamb, and his sister *especially*, received me in a very kind manner. We supped with *Godwin*, and from him I am this moment returned (12 o'clock). You would, I know, my dear love, have been delighted in beholding this family—he appears to keep no servants, and his children occupy their places. I was much gratified in seeing the three children of Mrs. Wollstonecraft, two girls and a son ; one of the girls, the eldest, is a sweet unaffected creature about 14. She handed me porter, and attracted much of my attention. Mrs. *Godwin* is *not* a pleasant woman, a Wife far different from the one you would suppose *such* a man would have selected. I dine out again to-morrow, and shall sup with Lamb. *Godwin* is a Bookseller !

Robert was mistaken in crediting Mary Wollstonecraft with three children. We cannot, however, blame him, for Godwin's must have been a confusing household. She had but two: the ill-starred Fanny Imlay, born in 1794, and Mary, in 1797. In 1809, therefore, Fanny would be fifteen and Mary twelve; so that it was probably Fanny, and not the future Mrs. Shelley, who plied the young visitor with porter.

Here is another extract:—

I dined with a Bookseller, and then adjourned to my old friend Lamb. Mr. Rickman, secretary to the Speaker, Captain Burney, Brother of Miss Burney the novelist, and Mr. Dyer, the poet, were of the party. We had nothing but cold pork and cheese, and no other beverage than porter. Pipes were introduced. I did not return till half past 12.

Robert adds: 'Drury Lane *still* smoaks. What a sad ruin does it exhibit!' In another note he says: 'I still go on enjoying myself exceedingly.' And in another are these instructions: 'Pray dispatch me from the Dog Inn at seven o'clock in the evening 2 pair of white silk stockings. I must go smart to the Opera.' On March 31 he writes:—

I drank tea in company with Mr. Godwin last night; he is a most delightful man—the modulation of his voice was beautiful, and his language uncommonly correct. I shall call upon him again to-morrow, to give him an order. Poor man, he is much to be felt for.

Here is a hint that Lamb's eulogy of 'The Complete Angler' had not been in vain:—

Lamb was quite delighted with the Walton I brought with me. I go with him to Captain Burney's to-morrow evening, and most of Sunday I shall pass with my old friend.

And four days later, April 3, 1809, we have a pleasant glimpse of Mary Lamb:—

I spent Saturday evening with Mr. Godwin; he is a delightful man, and mild as a child—his accents are most fascinating. The Picture of Mrs. Wollstonecraft being over the fireplace. Yes, *my love*, I shall have volumes to tell you, and an infinite store for my mind to dwell upon. Oh, that you were with me! How delicious then would be my delight! The time I hope will come when we shall visit *London* together; it is, indeed, a place rich with the stores of amusement and interest. I spent yesterday with Lamb and his sister—it is sweetly gratifying to see them. They were not up when I went. Mary (his sister) the

moment I entered the Room, calling from her chamber, said 'Robert, I am coming'—they appear to sleep in rooms by each other. If we may use the expression, their union of affection is what we conceive of marriage in Heaven. They are the world *one* to the *other*. They are writing a Book of poetry for children together. Lamb and I amused ourselves in the afternoon in reading the manuscripts. I shall send one or two of the pieces in my next. Lamb is the most original being you can conceive, and suited to me, in some of his habits, or ways of thinking, to a tee.

On the following day Robert kept his promise. Four pieces chosen from the 'Poetry for Children' were included in a letter beginning:—

I dined with our brother and sister to-day. We decline going to the Opera. I prefer Lamb's company, which I shall enjoy to-night. I shall endeavour to see Mrs. Siddons and Kemble in 'Macbeth'—paper won't allow of more.

The pieces were:—'Choosing a Name' ('I have got a newborn sister'), 'Breakfast' ('A dinner-party—coffee, tea'), 'Choosing a Profession' ('A Creole boy from the West Indies brought'), and 'Summer Friends' ('The Swallow is a summer bird')—the first signed 'C. L.' and the three others 'M. L.'

The next letter has this passage:—

I was much pleased with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in 'Macbeth' on Tuesday, I spend this evening with Lamb—my spirits are uncommonly flat. I dined yesterday with Charles's old friend White. By the bye, I saw Mrs. Clarke yesterday—she was walking in Cheapside with a Mr. Sullivan, who is now reported to live with her: she has very fine large eyes—and very much like a picture in the shops, where she is represented as lying almost at length on a sofa. I have not seen it in Birmingham; the one I saw there is not at all like.

Charles's old friend White is James White—Lamb's Jem White—the author of 'Falstaff's Letters' and the friend of chimney-sweeps. Some years earlier Charles Lloyd the younger and White had lived together. The Mrs. Clarke is, of course, the notorious adventuress of that name.

From London Robert wrote also to his father a letter which contained this message:—

Lamb is quite delighted and pleased with the idea of thy becoming a poet, and would be highly gratified with a sight of the 'Book of Homer,' which we printed for thee.

The reference is to a translation of Book XXIV. of the 'Iliad,' with which—and other translations—the elder Lloyd had been filling some of his leisure. Robert Lloyd's firm had, in 1807,

struck off a few copies, and one was now sent to Lamb. He replied in a lengthy paper of criticism—June 13, 1809—most of which is too particular for citation here; but the following sentiment is interesting:—

What I seem to miss, and what certainly everybody misses in Pope, is a certain savage-like plainness of speaking in Achilles—a sort of indelicacy. The heroes in Homer are not half civilized: they utter all the cruel, all the selfish, all the *mean thoughts* even of their nature, which it is the fashion of our great men to keep in. I cannot, in lack of Greek, point to any one place, but I remember the general feature as I read him at school. But your principles and turn of mind would, I have no doubt, lead you to *civilize* his phrases, and sometimes to *half christen* them. . . . I wish you joy of an Amusement which I somehow seem to have done with. Excepting some things for children, I have scarce chimed ten couplets in the last as many years.

The translator replied promptly to his critic (as authors will), and on June 19 Lamb wrote again. Here is an extract:—

I am glad to see you venture *made* and *maid* for rhymes. 'Tis true their sound is the same. But the mind occupied in revolving the different meaning of two words so literally the same, is diverted from the objection which the mere ear would make, and to the mind it is rhyme enough. I had not noticed it till this moment of transcribing the couplet. A timidity of rhyming, whether of bringing together sounds too near, or too remote to each other, is a fault of the present day. The old English poets were richer in their diction, as they were less scrupulous.

In the meantime Lamb had lent a copy of this or another translation to a friend, who kept it long. On July 31, 1809, Lamb at length was able to return it to Birmingham, and in doing so he made the following interesting comparison between Homer and Milton:—

I find Cowper is a favourite with nobody. His injudicious use of the stately slow Miltonic verse in a subject so very different has given a distaste. Nothing can be more unlike to my fancy than Homer and Milton. Homer is perfect prattle, though exquisite prattle, compared to the deep oracular voice of Milton. In Milton you love to stop, and saturate your mind with every great image of sentiment; in Homer you want to go on, to have more of his agreeable narrative. Cowper delays you as much, walking over a Bowling Green, as the other does travelling over steep Alpine heights, where the labour enters into and makes a part of the pleasure.

Lamb's last letter to Robert Lloyd is dated January 1, 1810. Robert seems to have sent him a turkey, for Lamb begins:

DEAR ROBERT,—In great haste I write. The Turkey is down at the fire, and some pleasant friends are come in, to partake of it. The sender's health shall not be forgot. . . .

Coleridge's *Friend* is occasionally sublime. What do you think of that Description of Luther in his *Study* in one of the earlier numbers? The worst is, he is always promising something which never comes; it is now 18th Number, and continues introductory, the 17th (that stupid long letter) was nothing better than a Prospectus, and ought to have preceded the 1st number. But I rejoice that it lives.

When you come to London, you will find us at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, with a few old books, a few old Hogarth's round the room, and the Household Gods at last establish'd. The feeling of home, which has been slow to come, has come at last. May I never move again, but may my next lodging be my coffin.

In writing to Manning on the next day Lamb amplified the last remark thus: 'Here I hope to set up my rest, and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen.'

And here the correspondence, as we have it, ends. In the following year Robert Lloyd died, at the early age of thirty-two, his death occurring within a few weeks of that of his brother Thomas, whom he had been nursing with characteristic zeal, and his sister Caroline. The actual date of Robert's death was October 26, 1811. He left a widow and four children. In the November number of the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' appeared this discriminating and kindly testimony to Robert Lloyd's sweetness of disposition, from Charles Lamb's pen:—

To dilate in many words upon his character, would be to violate the modest regard due to his memory, who in his lifetime shrunk so anxiously from every species of notice. His constitutional misfortune was an excess of nervous sensibility, which in the purest of hearts produced rather too great a spirit of self-abasement, and perpetual apprehension of not doing what was right. Yet, beyond this tenderness, he seemed absolutely to have no self-regards at all. His eye was single, and ever fixed upon that form of goodness, which he venerated wherever he found it, except in himself. What he was to his parents, and in his family, the newness of their sorrow may make it unseasonable to touch at; his loss, alas! was but one in a complication of domestic afflictions which have fallen so heavy of late upon a very worthy house. But as a friend, the writer of this memorial can witness, that what he once esteemed and loved, it was an unalterable law of his mind to continue to esteem and love. Absences of years, the discontinuance of correspondence from whatever cause, for ever so great a length of time, made no difference. It seemed as if the affectionate

part of his nature could suffer no abatement. The display of what the world calls shining talents, would have been incompatible with a character like his; but he oftentimes let fall in his familiar talk and in his letters, bright and original illustrations of feeling, which might have been mistaken for genius, if his own watchful modest spirit had not constantly interposed to recall and substitute for them some of the ordinary forms of observation which lay less out of that circle of common sympathy within which his kind nature delighted to move.

The 'Gentleman's Magazine' article ends there. But, as we learn from a letter written by Charles Lloyd the younger to Robert Lloyd's widow, Lamb said more, and sent to Charles a draft of the article in its completeness. The editor abbreviated it by the following passage:—

To conclude,

'Love, Sweetness, Goodness, in his countenance shin'd
So dear, as in no face with more delight.'

But now he is gone—he has left his earthly companions; yet his departure had this in it to make us less sorrowful, that it was but as a gentle removing of the veil, which while he walked upon earth, seemed scarcely to separate his spirit from that world of heavenly and refined essences with which it is now indissolubly connected.

'I contemplate,' adds Robert's brother, 'his character as the most sweet and affecting that I ever knew.'

E. V. LUCAS.

A VISIT TO CHÂTEAU D'EU.¹

A SOFT mist was veiling the almost too brilliant sunshine of a fine July morning as we entered the little country carriage that was to convey us to Eu. There is always a cheerful bustle about a little French seaport that is remarkably conducive to gaiety. The very boys (ordinarily such pests to travellers on every possible occasion) clatter their sabots, and make wheels of themselves, with such merry insistency that new-comers must be more than ordinarily bilious or ill-natured who can resist vouchsafing them a cheerful smile, or even perhaps casting them a few sous in response to such merry grins and genuine mirth.

As we were in the humour to find everything pleasant, we laughed outright at the antics of the dusty little urchins, and even laughed when we saw that our small amount of luggage, put too hastily on one side of the rickety little vehicle, at once tumbled out on the other side. At last, however, our modest property was safely secured, and away we went to the music of the horses' bells and the jangling and rattling of every portion of our shabby vehicle.

The northern portion of Indre Inférieure, though it cannot boast of the beauty usually attributed to *la belle France*, is nevertheless quite pretty from its air of prosperity and contentment arising from its well-cultivated fields and the appearance of the well-dressed peasantry. To-day the road is unusually animated, for not only is the weekly market being held at Dieppe, but a fair is taking place in a village between that town and Arquis. So numerous carts of various shapes are jogging steadily along in that direction.

In this part of France some few remnants of costume may still be found—most of the women wearing the large snow-white caps, that are so much more becoming to the female face than the tawdry and bedizened bonnets so affected by our own countrywomen.

It is constantly asserted that the French are cruel in their treatment of animals, especially of horses, overloading and under-

¹ A melancholy interest attaches to this article, written only a few weeks before the death of its author, Mrs. Harvey of Ickwell-Bury, the widow of Mr. John Harvey, the well-known Bedfordshire squire, who died in 1879.—ED. *Cornhill*.

feeding them. This may be the case in some parts of the country ; but I have lived much in Normandy, and cannot assent to this assertion. Certainly in Normandy, where old tastes and habits are still existing, horses are much prized, well treated, and well fed.

A good horse is a valuable possession, and as such is much prized. Certainly all the men, women, children, and horses we saw to-day appeared uncommonly plump, and well-to-do. The human element was very gay and merry, though without that reckless jollity that usually attends the undue indulgence in alcohol.

As it was, the merry jangle of the bells around the horses' necks, added to the merry chatter of the girls in the carts, seemed pleasant adjuncts to the brightness of the summer morning, and to the sweetness of the summer air. The horses also trotted along very gaily, apparently quite unmindful of the loads with which they were laden—loads by no means inconsiderable, for, besides the women and children, baskets innumerable seemed squeezed in wherever a basket could be placed, filled to overflowing with country produce of every description.

And what delicious country produce!—so fresh, so full of the scent of the sweet earth from which most had just been plucked. Such heaps of succulent young carrots ! Such piles of rich brown potatoes—potatoes that one longed to roast at once in the ashes of a roaring wood fire.

Then the cauliflowers ! How snowy white were their great projecting heads. But, above all, the pears !—the beauteous, richly ripe pears. Pears are in this part of the world a temptation hardly to be resisted. How ardently we desired to stop and eat some ; for we felt an absolute conviction that they had arrived at that supreme moment of ripeness when it is the destiny of pears to be eaten.

But we could not stop, and so turned away our longing eyes with a real effort. But, alas ! temptation lay closely around ; for there, in baskets lying spread on soft mossy beds, were exquisite white or tender brown eggs, or perhaps such tiny cream cheeses reposing on their especial couches of dark green rushes.

As for the great rolls of yellow butter, they are decorously hid from view, wrapped in snowy white napkins ; but the great brass milk cans so glittered in the sunshine that it dazzled one's eyes even to glance at them ; but again a great longing seizes one to share in their sweet contents, as a sudden jolt causes a rich creamy rivulet to be jerked beyond the well-scrubbed wooden stoppers that close the cans.

What a contrast to the *manufactured* milk that is generally to be procured in towns! But the carts do not stop, nor may we stop, for our time is sadly limited to-day, and we shall have but a short time to pass with those to whom we are hastening, and whom we so much value.

The country through which we passed, though not beautiful, was pretty and attractive. Haymaking was over, and the harvest ere long would be gathered in. The little homesteads so thickly scattered around looked neat and comfortable. The large and numerous windows give an air of much cheerfulness to the cottages; but we found the absence of gardens detracted much from their homelike beauty. We felt the want of hedges; and especially also did we miss the richness of hedgerow timber—a want that made the whole landscape somewhat barren of aspect.

It seems singular that such flower-lovers as are the French should never think of growing flowers in the little plots of ground that are beside their cottages; but, much as he loves flowers and beauty of every description, a Frenchman loves profit still more, and as a few yards of fruitful soil and an hour or two to spare mean money, he wastes neither on matters of mere decoration.

For this same reason have trees and hedges been banished; but here Nature is showing that she will not permit herself to be outraged, nor too severely dictated to. She knows that trees, birds, and hedges have all their uses, and all work together for the benefit of Earth.

Man, however, presumes to think that he knows best, and so in many places he has been ruthlessly destroying many of the charms of a country life.

Nature, however, is reasserting herself, and in revenge for the loss of many of her favoured children has allowed worse troubles to come upon the land.

Where birds have been slaughtered unchecked, myriads of worms, slugs, and other destructive animalculæ have taken their place, ravaging the land, lying in horrid masses on the ground, devouring every leaf and bud, and hanging in noisome ropes from trees and bushes.

Then storms rush over the districts devoid of their former protecting hedges, and now it is found that the clouds, uninvited by friendly trees and woods, pass onwards to the sea without bestowing their beneficent showers upon the parched and thirsty soil.

However, as we drove on, the landscape began to change its

aspect: by degrees it became more English, and therefore more grateful to English eyes. Neat hedges divided the fields, noble trees were bordering the excellent roads or were standing in ornamental groups. We were evidently approaching the well-kept residence of some gentleman of high degree—of one who loved his home and appreciated its beauties. A sudden turn in the road, and we were in front of a really magnificent building—a grand old French château, the verisimilitude of one of those noble dwellings built by the grand seigneurs of some three or four centuries ago. This is Eu—Eu, where our great monarch Queen Victoria was received and right royally entertained by the Citizen King of France, Louis Philippe.

Needless to repeat here the history of those gay days—French and English newspapers teemed with accounts more or less accurate, according to the politics of their editors and the demands of an eager public anxious to know details, to ascertain every action, every speech, even every thought, of the royal and illustrious personages there gathered together. But the château we are now looking at is not the château that received those distinguished guests.

During one of those insane gusts of fury and of self-destructive folly to which popular risings, especially those in France, are subject, and which essentially realise the old proverb 'of cutting off your nose to spite your face,' this noble building was attacked and ruthlessly despoiled of a great portion of its invaluable contents. Not content with the destruction caused by the cruel use of swords, hatchets, and axes, fire was at last resorted to, and thus a considerable portion was burnt to the ground.

Later on, the usual reaction took place, and those so cruelly bidden to depart were longed for and entreated to return. At length the banished family did return, and then peace and prosperity with them came back to the adjacent country.

With infinite care and with exquisite good taste, aided by the skill of the renowned architect M. Viollet le Duc, the old buildings were restored outwardly, as far as possible, to their original condition, and once again presented the splendid façade erected by Henri of Lorraine, Duc de Guise; but the interior fittings of a castle in the warlike days of 1580 were not compatible with the comforts deemed necessary in the nineteenth century. The whole of the interior was therefore remodelled, and

the result is a palace as delightful to inhabit as every detail is gratifying to the eye.

Although aided by the famous architect, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris carefully studied and indeed worked out most of the plans themselves. It was in truth a very labour of love, and we could fully credit their Royal Highnesses' assurance that never had they enjoyed seasons of more unalloyed happiness than when thus occupied with their beloved home.

'It was such delight,' said the Prince, 'so to identify ourselves with every room, to be associated together and with our children in every detail—to be able to watch the growth of the dear old buildings, as we watched the growth of our children; and it was delightful also to see and know the interest our workpeople (most of whom belonged to this neighbourhood) took in the development of the plans and the steady progress made in the restoration of the château.'

This is, however, but a detail of the past, as now for many years the château has been as beautiful, as interesting, and far more comfortable than it ever was in bygone days.

At the present time the principal home interest of his Royal Highness seems much concentrated in his experimental farm, by means of which he hopes greatly to benefit the agricultural district that surrounds him. Up to the present time the experiments, as regards improvement in farming, have been most successful; but the experiments themselves have been costly. But how the good, kind, thoughtful face of the speaker lighted up as he related all he still proposed and hoped to do!

Nevertheless, as the Prince spoke it was impossible not to notice that mingled with his hopes there was anxiety, even a certain degree of dread of what the future might bring forth, overshadowing his words; and it was with a sigh that he added as he looked around, 'I say to myself sometimes, Shall I ever be permitted to see the result of these efforts? This dear country, my heart aches for it. God has bestowed such infinite blessings on it, and yet the blessings have been turned into curses. My own belief is that my dear people are quiet and God-fearing. It is the reckless agitators and savage demagogues alone that stir their too lively passions into frenzy.'

But then the Prince, with that kind thought for others that never seemed to leave him, turned smilingly to us, saying, 'I must not mar the pleasure of this bright sunshine and the joy of

this happy meeting by letting myself have gloomy thoughts. The Princess wants to drive you in her little four-in-hand, and I want to show you some armour very like some you have in your old home.'

So, amidst the laughter of the young people and the barking of innumerable dogs, we gaily re-entered the château.

How little did we then think how short a time would elapse ere our royal, kindly, noble-hearted hosts would again be driven forth from their home that they so fondly loved, and deprived of their birthright—be again forced to seek shelter in a foreign land!

Leading here at Eu a simple country life, amidst neighbours and dependents on whom friendship and kindness were ungrudgingly bestowed, it was difficult—nay, impossible—to understand what danger could accrue to a great and powerful people from the presence of a prince and a family whose dealings had invariably been straightforward and honourable.

We happened somewhat later to be again staying here when a garden-party was given to upwards of three thousand guests of all classes, and it was impossible to doubt the honest affection that this family seemed to inspire.

It was popularity of the highest class, personal affection shown by every guest for the kind *friends* who had invited them. And though the crowd was freely admitted into every portion of the grounds and into the greatest part of the château itself, nothing was injured, nothing taken away, nothing broken. Even in the garden not a flower had been gathered, not a branch broken down. It was impossible not to remember with some pain how little on similar occasions an English crowd can be so depended upon. For the Prince personally one cannot long know him without feeling convinced that his present mode of life fulfils every desire of his heart.

Prepared as he is to carry out in its perfect completeness whatever duty his country may require of him, personal ambition is absolutely foreign to his own nature. He is one of those men to whom duty is the governing principle of life. He no more dreams of evading his duty towards the State than he would evade that towards his children or to his household. Whatever he may be called upon to do, that he will do, regardless of consequences, honestly, thoroughly, and impartially. None can know the Comte de Paris in any sort of intimacy without feeling convinced of his

perfect rectitude and of his earnest desire to do right under all circumstances, absolutely unbiassed by personal or private considerations.

As one who knew him well once remarked to me, 'Were I engaged in any cause in which the right was on my side, and respecting which I had nothing whatever to conceal, I never came across a man in whose judgment I should feel more confidence, and whose decision I should more unquestionably accept, than the Comte de Paris.'

It is interesting to note the abiding effects on his character that have been made by his nationality, his birth, and his education. The warm feelings, indeed the adoration of his heart, for his country are expressed with the eager vivacity of a Frenchman, but his judgment is tempered by the hard-headed, clear-sighted sagacity of an Englishman, weighted also by the close logic of the German.

But now I must relate the little incidents of our arrival. The loud ring of a great bell in the porter's lodge announced our approach, and ere we had reached the principal entrance door a couple of servants in plain liveries issued from it, but they quickly moved aside as a tall gentleman came forward, bareheaded, and with both hands extended to greet his English guests.

'How glad I am you have come at last!' he exclaimed in perfect English, though with just the slightest tone of foreign accent that seemed to make the kindly welcome even more than commonly expressive. 'Both the Princess and I have so long been expecting you! and had you allowed this little opportunity to pass we felt assured it would be long before we had another chance. Now, to our joy, you will see Eu in its summer sunshine and dressed with all its summer flowers.'

Then, with that charming courtesy of manner that still so distinguishes the great French seigneur, he offered me his arm, and led us to the salon where the Comtesse de Paris was awaiting us.

The Princess, a beautiful woman in the summer of her southern womanhood, unites every charm that France, Spain, and England can bestow upon a bright, sensitive nature, and upon a warm and unselfish heart. With what kindly affection did she welcome us! With what friendly anxiety did she make us feel at home! And those two charming young girls beside her!—Princess Amélie, the present Queen of Portugal, and Princess Hélène—what parents would not be proud of such daughters! Their beauty, their

grace, their sweet tempers, their lively sweetness of manner, would suffice to make any home happy; and in the infinite charm of such social and domestic intercourse one almost forgets one is amongst royal personages driven from the throne they expected to occupy, and who not only have suffered deeply in the past, but whose future is overshadowed by heavy clouds. But to-day how peaceful, how beautiful did everything appear!

A glowing sun is pouring its rays over the brilliant colours of the great beds of flowers in the Italian garden before the windows, but the almost overpowering light is softened in the room where we are by Spanish blinds, and by the soft folds of delicate lace curtains; and as these flutter occasionally in the summer breeze, rich streaks of crimson and yellow light fall across the carpet and over the walls, while at the same time the air is filled with the delicious fragrance of thousands of roses.

A multitude of birds flutter about terrace and garden, attracted by the handfuls of crumbs and seeds that Princess Hélène is scattering around with lavish profuseness.

A couple of cats lazily dozing in the sunshine look up every now and then with a sleepy stare, but they are much too lazy and too fat to care about the birds who hop fearlessly around them.

Soon after our arrival breakfast was announced—that most pleasant of meals in French houses, because, as it takes place later than our breakfasts and earlier than our luncheons, there is more time for rides, walks, or drives during the morning hours than our arrangement of meals in England permits; but then in England shooting and hunting engagements do not permit such arrangements.

Besides the members of the Count de Paris' family there was another guest here, the Duchess de D. R., and also a lady and gentleman in waiting. We could not but notice, however, that the latter seemed much more anxious—indeed nervous—about public affairs than did our host himself; but then the Comte de Paris is a man who never permits his own anxieties or troubles to disturb the comfort, or even pleasure, of those he is with. Few have the power so to tutor and discipline their feelings. Such power can only arise from absolute unselfishness and a firm conviction of the wisdom and goodness of God. Yet, later in the day, when alone with my husband, the Comte gave free utterance to his many anxieties, and did not attempt to conceal how heavily they weighed upon his heart. His great grief was for the future

of France—his greatest care was for her. Never did a man love his country with more earnestness than did the Comte de Paris. Every inch of its beloved soil seemed dear to his heart. He cherished each tree, each flower, as if they were his children. There was not a family for miles around with whom he was not well acquainted, ever ready with friendly helping hand to aid those in need.

It is impossible to enumerate here all the charitable and useful work done by the Comte and Comtesse de Paris for the inhabitants of the little seaport, and for those in the adjacent villages—kind, sensible, friendly work that was bearing good fruit when we were at Eu, and in all probability is still doing so. That the departure of this excellent family was a bitter grief and a terrible loss to the inhabitants of this district for miles around there can be no doubt.

Whatever the stories, or rather fables, current in England, and perhaps in other countries, as to the freedom in France resulting from universal suffrage, those who are really well acquainted with the state of affairs there are quite conscious that the inhabitants of country villages and country districts are of absolutely no account in the administration of public affairs.

France is governed by Paris and by the large towns, and the centralisation thus produced is the bane of the whole land. Property being equally divided amongst the children of a family leads not only to the rapid diminution of the population, but tends to throw nearly all power over the land into the hands of the notaries or small lawyers of the district towns.

Land is so subdivided that it is extremely rare to find a man who, on entering into his property, has sufficient capital or wherewithal to cultivate it. He must therefore borrow money to work it, and, as a rule, he borrows it from the neighbouring notary. From that hour he becomes that notary's bondservant; in consequence, the more intelligent of the farmers and peasant proprietors take care to have only one child, whom they subsequently unite in marriage with the only child of some relative or neighbour. It does not need much argument to show how disastrous such a system is, or to prove how fatal are the results that are now manifesting themselves in every part of France.

After breakfast we went over the château, altogether a most beautiful and comfortable house, well—indeed, luxuriously—furnished, and uniting plenty of English comforts with much French

grace. There is a fine collection of Eastern arms, and a few good family portraits; but many articles of historical value were destroyed in the fire, and the few that were rescued from the flames have been sent to England, where they long remained in the house near Richmond possessed by the Comte de Paris.

After visiting the château we went to the stables. These are a great delight to the Comtesse, who is an excellent judge of horses and a wonderful whip. In these stables we found everything that horses can require, both for their comfort and convenience, but of the animals themselves there were but few, only those really needed, with the exception of two beautiful pairs of ponies that the Princess drives herself in her little two-wheeled carriage. These little high-bred creatures were quite beautiful, full of 'blood and food,' but, though perfectly good-tempered, were by no means easy to drive—so neither getting in nor out of the carriage was by any means easy, though the drive itself was most enjoyable. Later on we had music, with much talking and laughing, followed by tea *à l'anglaise* under some shady trees in the garden.

We were just about to retire to our rooms to prepare for dinner when a telegram arrived that obliged us at once to return to England. It was a severe disappointment, but there was no escape from the necessity, and to manage it we had to return to Dieppe that night.

Great was our regret, and most kind and friendly was that expressed by our most kind hosts. Once again we returned to Eu, but by that time the political storm was brewing, and though we then parted with assurances of a speedy return, long ere that could be the blow had fallen, and again was this estimable family driven forth from their country and their home.

Although the Comte de Paris bore this cruel trial with his usual fortitude, and with his usual noble resignation, we felt convinced ourselves that it was a last and fatal one—that unless some complete change for the better did not soon take place, his once strong and healthy frame would sink under the sorrow of his heart; the disease from which he suffered had, far from his native air and dear home, made sad progress.

England was dear to him as a truly friendly country where he felt himself surrounded by many loving friends; but France was part of himself, his inner being, and without her he felt himself bereft of the best part of his nature.

Now that this noble French gentleman has gone from amongst us, one clings with fond affection to every remembrance of his kindly grace, of his unchanging tenderness of heart. His exceptional talents had been studiously cultivated from his earliest childhood. His memory also, unusually retentive, had been so strengthened that every circumstance, every fact he wished to recall, he was at any moment able to reproduce with perfect and correct readiness.

But much as those who knew him admired such talents, the attribute that so endeared him to his friends, and will endear his memory to all those he honoured with his friendship, was the genuine heart-felt sympathy he showed for all their troubles, and even for all their anxieties. This is why children ever clung to him with such confidence and love. Never did he turn unmoved from a tale of sorrow, and few will ever know how immense and widely extended were his charities.

In the multitude of his own sorrows and anxieties no bitterness ever entered his heart. Prepared at all times to do his duty in whatever position he might find himself, it only seemed as if his great trials enabled him to take an even more accurate view than ordinary of the pains and difficulties of life as regarded others, enabling him to feel infinite pity for the pains that others had to bear. And not only did he feel them, but he accepted it as a duty incumbent on him to endeavour to cheer those others, and to enable them by every means in his power to walk contentedly in the way in which God had set them.

History will doubtless some day do justice to the memory of this great and good man, and France will then acknowledge that during his lifetime she failed to appreciate and sufficiently to prize one of the noblest of her sons in Philippe d'Orléans, Comte de Paris.

ANDRÉE HOPE.

PANICS AND PRICES.

THE causes of financial panic are so many and various that the contemplation of their diversity leads one to marvel that they do not occur oftener. It is customary to consider them as one of the evils brought into being by the modern credit system; but though this system, with its endless complexities and subtle sensibilities, has certainly added to the number and intensity of panics, it was not by any means their originator. Before the days when there was a regular list of securities, 'always fluctuating,' as Mr. Weller senior said, the course of a panic was less easily traced; but we know from chance references in history that such events as foreign invasion and internal rebellion caused violent movements in the price of land, the almost solitary medium for investment in those simpler times.

It is related as a remarkable circumstance that when Hannibal, after his victory at Cannæ, advanced and encamped under the walls of Rome, the ground on which his tent was pitched changed hands in the city at the price which it might have been expected to fetch under ordinary conditions. And certainly we may turn the pages of Roman history in vain to find a more striking example of the indomitable imperturbability of that iron-nerved people. With the victorious invader encamped in the suburbs, it was natural and fitting for patriotic citizens to swear that they would die rather than open the gates, but to pay hard money for the site of his tent was an unparalleled feat of financial heroism. Forgetting, as usual, what is most important, history has omitted to chronicle the name of the buyer, so that this first and greatest 'supporter of markets' remains anonymous: he deserves to rank with Cato and Decius Mus. When we compare the violent fluctuations in Consols and East India Stock that were caused by any reverses that befell the British arms in the course of our continental wars, or the panic that seized Wall Street after the delivery of President Cleveland's Venezuela message, we must acknowledge the degeneracy of the modern capitalist in this respect. Or if it be urged that the nervousness of the market in securities arises to a great extent from conditions which did not affect the Roman investor, we can compare the

steadiness of the price of suburban land in Rome with Falstaff's assertion in the first part of King Henry IV., that, as a consequence of the rebellion of Hotspur and Glendower, 'you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.' Sir John, no doubt, is a witness who must not be taken quite literally, but it is obvious that Shakespeare, who knew his price-current list as well as the technical details of everything else that he ever mentions, would not have put such a speech into his mouth unless there had been some historical basis for the fact thus conveyed in a characteristically exaggerated form.

It is thus evident that, long before the days of Jonathan's and Garraway's and 'jobbing in the funds,' panics had their effect on prices. It is equally true, however, that after the growth of the modern system of credit panics became not only more frequent, but more interesting. A fall in the price of land due to invasion or internal disturbance is, after all, only important as a very dim side-light on current events; it is when we come to purely financial panics, financial in their origin as well as their results, that they repay study by taking us aside into that strange monetary world which is so little understood, but is the real differentiating mark which divides modern from ancient life. In an eloquent passage in his work on 'Progress,' M. About speaks of *l'agiotage*, which he defines as 'the art of joining small capitals together for the purpose of doing great things,' as the 'sublime invention of the Scotsman Law.' Now it is true that John Law of Lauriston introduced the joint-stock system into France, but not before it had already been established on the other side of the Channel; in fact, in the very year in which Law, who was described by a contemporary as 'nicely expert in all manner of debaucheries,' had to flee from England after killing his man in a disreputable duel, the Bank of England had been founded. However, since Professor Shield Nicholson¹ gives his entertaining essay on John Law the sub-title of the 'Greatest Speculative Mania on Record,' and since Law and his works have been described by a very keen-eyed contemporary eye-witness, they will serve for an example of the sort of panic that results from the abuse of the printing-press. That stamped paper will serve for money just as well as gold and silver is a fact which has led many financiers to ruin, because it is only true up to a certain point. There comes a day when the possessors of the paper claim to

¹ *Money and Monetary Problems.*

exchange it for metal, and if the metal is not ready to hand, down comes the house of cards. John Law probably knew this, but he was a gambler, and having begun his game was carried on by excitement and kept doubling his stakes.

Voltaire's lively description of John Law and his system, in the 'Siècle de Louis XV,' is only too brief. 'A Scotsman called John Law,' he says, 'who had no other occupation than that of being a high player and a great calculator, being obliged to flee from Great Britain for a murder, had long conceived the plan of a company, which should pay in notes the debts of a State and should reimburse itself by the profits. He first established a bank in his own name in 1716. It soon became a general bureau for the revenues of the kingdom, and to it was joined a Mississippi company, from which the public was led to expect great profits. The public, seduced by the greed of gain, made haste to buy *avec fureur* the shares of the united company and bank. Riches, hitherto locked up by mistrust, circulated profusely; the notes doubled and quadrupled these riches. France was *en effet* very rich by means of credit.' Professor Nicholson's essay adds some details from which the stupendous dimensions of this outburst of speculation may perhaps be realised by the imagination:

'A milliner happened to come to Paris about a lawsuit; she was successful, and invested the proceeds in speculation, and she amassed in a few months a sum which, converted into our currency, represents nearly 5,000,000*l.* sterling. No class of the community escaped the infection. Two of the ablest scholars of France are reported to have deplored the madness of the times at one interview, only to find themselves at their next meeting bidding for shares with the greatest excitement. The scene of operations was a narrow street called Quincampoix, and the demand for accommodation may be judged from the fact that a house which before yielded about 40*l.* a year now brought in more than 800*l.* a month. A cobbler made about 10*l.* a-day by letting out a few chairs in his stall; and a hunchback, who is celebrated in the prints of the time, acquired in a few days more than 7,000*l.* by letting out his hump to the street brokers as a writing desk.' In the meantime, of course, Law was rising to the highest offices. 'He was seen,' says Voltaire, 'in a short time to turn from Scotsman into Frenchman by naturalisation; from Protestant to Catholic [Professor Nicholson adds that Abbé Tencin, who effected Law's conversion, received for payment

shares to the nominal value of about 10,000*l.*]; from adventurer into lord of most beautiful estates, and from banker into *Ministre d'État*. I have seen him arrive in the halls of the Palais Royal, followed by Dukes and Peers, Marshals of France, and Bishops.' This extraordinary boom lasted four years, and then, as our historian tells us, '*le crédit tomba tout d'un coup. On ne vit plus que du papier; une misère réelle commençait à succéder à tant de richesses fictives.*' It would be difficult to find a more expressive sentence than this of Voltaire's, but some more details from Professor Nicholson may serve to show what a panic on a great scale really means.

'A few weeks before, the streets were crowded with throngs of people eager to obtain new issues of shares and indulge in the wildest speculation. Money was abundant, and the consumption of wealth most extravagant. Now the approaches to the bank were packed with people driven by hunger and misery to try to exchange their bits of paper, often the reward of hard work, for money with which they might obtain the means of life. On one occasion, on a hot dark night in July, about 15,000 people were wedged in the narrow streets about the bank. When the day broke it was found that fifteen persons had been crushed to death and trampled upon. This scene, dreadful as it is, perhaps hardly strikes the imagination with such horror as the discovery, in the middle of December, of a house in which the husband had killed his wife and children and hanged himself through destitution, whilst in the very room was found, with two or three halfpence, 200,000 livres of bank-notes, which at one time would have been worth 10,000*l.* sterling.'

It was a terrible crash, but Voltaire, who witnessed it, appends an interesting little note: 'Men still speak,' he says, 'with astonishment of those times of madness, and of that public pest; but how insignificant it is in comparison with the civil and religious wars which have so long bathed Europe in blood, and the wars between people and people or rather between Prince and Prince, which lay so many countries waste!' Thus wrote the successful speculator, defending the system on which he had himself thriven. For Voltaire is remarkable as one of the very few poets and literary men who possessed a keen head for business. The fact is so curious and so frequently forgotten that Carlyle's remarks upon it, in his sketch of Voltaire in the course of 'Frederick the Great,' are worth recalling: 'Voltaire, among his multifarious studies

while in England, did not forget that of economics : his Poem, *La Ligue*, he now took in hand for his own benefit ; washed it clean of its blots, christened it *Henriade*. . . . and printed it ; published it here, by subscription, in 1826. . . . very splendid subscriptions, headed by Princess Caroline, and much favoured by the opulent of quality. Which yielded an unknown but very considerable sum of thousands sterling, and grounded not only the world-renown but the domestic finance of M. de Voltaire. . . . He took this sum of thousands sterling along with him, laid it out judiciously in some city lottery, or profitable scrip then going at Paris, which at once doubled the amount, after which he invested it in . . . all manner of well-chosen trades—being one of the shrewdest financiers on record ; and never from that day wanted abundance of money. . . . “ You have only to watch,” he would say, “ what scrips, public loans, investments in the field of agio, are offered ; if you exert any judgment it is easy to gain there. Do not the stupidest of mortals gain there, by intensely attending to it ? ”

These facts and words are so remarkable in the life, and from the mouth, of a man of letters, that they must be excused here, though somewhat alien to our subject. They seem to show that M. de Voltaire, had he lived to-day, would have directed his genius to devising financial ‘ tips ’—and retired very early.

In this more prosaic and steady-going country we have never done anything quite so extravagant in the way of financial mania and consequent collapse as Law’s Bubble, but we have had panics at regular intervals, generally arising from very similar causes. An outburst of over-trading in which all sorts of mad commercial schemes, such, *e.g.*, as the export of skates to Jamaica, were entertained by sober merchants, accompanied by an outburst of over-financing and the creation of innumerable companies to make stupendous profits on similar lines, the whole mania being encouraged by bad banking, which gave it the sinews of war by over-discounting and over-issues of ill-secured bank-notes—such are the chief features of the periodical crises which convulsed the business world during the first 150 years or so after the Revolution of 1688. During that period the danger and misery caused by these outbursts and reactions was increased to a degree that we in England can hardly realise now by the fact that the currency of the country consisted very largely of bank-notes. The Bank of England had the monopoly of the metropolitan note issue, and this privilege

was further protected by the provision that no joint-stock company might issue notes in the country. Consequently the provincial note issue was in the hands of private bankers; in other words, of anyone who chose to add to his income and facilitate his business by printing notes and forcing them into the hands of those who would accept them in payment of his debts. As a natural result, any ripple on the face of the financial waters was followed by a rush to cash paper which had little or no metallic basis. If a London bank was reported to be in trouble, country noteholders would at once rush to their banks and demand gold, and in the meantime the country bankers would be adding to the awkwardness of the position in London by demanding all the specie that their agents could procure, packing it into postchaises, and sending it at full gallop down the roads, in the imminent risk of being seized on by the highwaymen, footpads, or other enterprising workers in the byways of finance. We read of one banker hurrying from London to Newcastle with a chaise full of gold who was stopped by highwaymen, who bound him fast and rifled his pockets and person, but never noticed the bullion. The coaches were stopped so often that timid people feared to travel, and the proprietors of one coach publicly advertised that they were refusing to carry money: 'The Proprietors of this Machine beg leave to acquaint the Public that they are determined not to carry Money, Plate, Jewels or Watches, upon any consideration whatever.' The physical condition of the roads added to the dangers of travellers, as is shown by the well-known story of how Jonathan Backhouse, of the great north-country banking firm, 'balanced his cash' on one occasion.

It was no ordinary panic that sent Backhouse post-haste to London for cash, but news that Lord Darlington had determined to try to bring the bank down by hoarding its notes until he had collected a large amount and then suddenly presenting them and demanding cash—an expedient often used in the early days of banking by jealous rivals, or anyone who had a score to pay. On his way back with the bullion Backhouse had the misfortune to lose a wheel off his chaise, but instead of stopping to repair it he piled the gold at the back of the chaise, so 'balancing the cash,' and drove triumphant into Darlington on three wheels. When Lord Darlington's agent arrived with a huge sheaf of notes, the presentation of which was to have put up the bank's shutters, the Quaker banker coolly

met them with gold, and added: 'Now tell thy master that if he will sell Raby, I will pay for it with the same metal.' This story was generally regarded as legendary until Mr. Maberly Phillips, who relates it in his 'History of Banking in the Northern Counties,' was able to substantiate it from the bank's books for 1819, in which an entry was found debiting Profit and Loss Account, '2l. 3s.—wheel demolished.'

The casual manner in which banking was carried on in those days is illustrated by another incident in the history of this institution. The usual closing hour was three o'clock; but one day, apparently without any notice or explanation, the doors were closed at one. A farmer, who had come in from the country with some notes to cash, went home again saying that the bank was closed, and caused a temporary run upon it.

In these days, thanks chiefly to the publicity which the financial part of the press gives to bank balance sheets and banking figures, banking crises are but a dim memory in our islands. A great failure in Glasgow still occasionally recurs to men's minds, but so short is memory in the financial world that we have almost forgotten the run upon the Birkbeck bank, a run which was connected with the downfall of the building societies. The Birkbeck met the crisis boldly and came through it in triumph, and the only incident in its history which deserves to survive is the sad fate of an old lady who, after waiting for two days and nights—so runs the story—in Chancery Lane in order to reach the bank and withdraw her savings, was relieved of their charge by a thief on her way home on the top of a tram-car.

Stock Exchange panics, however, are still with us, though it is interesting to note that their intensity has been very considerably modified, probably by the enormous power over markets which has been acquired by the ever-growing strength of the *haute finance*. The steadiness of prices during the earlier part of 1897 in spite of the actual clash of war in Europe has been remarkable; in November Consols rose rapidly in the face of the evident possibilities of diplomatic friction with France in connection with the West African dispute; while the success with which the French finance houses have supported the price of Spanish bonds, through the trying period of the Cuban and Philippine rebellions, is an instructive example of the power of bold and able holders. This system of bolstering up markets by artificial supports is very comforting to security holders as long as

it lasts, but if and when it does happen to come to grief the crash will be all the more severe.

It need hardly be said that a panic affords a grand opportunity to those who are sufficiently well informed, or have enough courage, to take advantage of it. A legend is still current to the effect that a great financial house added enormously to its strength by acting promptly on the early news of the British victory at Waterloo; this sort of legend is always well embellished by every year during which it survives, and it now often takes the shape of a false rumour of defeat carefully disseminated, in order to give full advantage to the possessor of the true facts of the case. A great coup was made at the time of the 'forty-five'—the last occasion when internal rebellion seriously menaced the established authorities of England—by an eccentric Jew named Samson Gideon, the founder of the Eardley family. Gideon was a character of whom some amusing anecdotes are related by Mr. Francis, in his 'Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange.' If a proposer for an annuity coughed with a violent asthmatic cough on approaching his office door, Gideon would call out: 'Aye, aye, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!' Mr. Francis also relates that 'in one of his dealings with Mr. Snow, the banker—immortalised by Dean Swift—the latter lent Gideon 20,000*l*. Shortly afterwards the "forty-five" troubles broke out; the success of the Pretender seemed certain; and Mr. Snow, alarmed for his beloved property, addressed a piteous epistle to the Jew. A run upon his house, a stoppage, and a bankruptcy, were the least the banker's imagination pictured; and the whole concluded with an earnest request for his money. Gideon went to the bank, procured twenty notes, sent for a phial of hartshorn, rolled the phial in the notes, and thus grotesquely Mr. Snow received the money he had lent. The greatest hit Gideon ever made was when the rebel army approached London; when the king was trembling; when the prime minister was undetermined, and stocks were sold at any price. Unhesitatingly he went to Jonathan's, bought all in the market, advanced every guinea he possessed, pledged his name and reputation for more, and held as much as the remainder of the members held together. When the Pretender retreated and stocks arose, the Jew experienced the advantage of his foresight.'

An instance of a panic which saved a man from ruin and re-

established him in prosperity is still related on the Stock Exchange. During the rage for new joint-stock companies which followed the passing of the Limited Liability Acts, the great discounting business of Overend, Gurney & Co. was transferred to a new company, Overend, Gurney & Co., Limited. This took place in 1865, and in the year before, as we learn from Mr. Turner's 'Chronicles of the Bank of England,' from September to March 263 companies were formed, with a nominal capital of over 78,000,000*l*. Of these new companies twenty-seven were banking and fifteen discount companies. It may be added that 'cheap money' and the enormous profits of company-promoting have caused an even greater outburst of joint-stocking activity during the last three years, the effect of which will probably cause some interesting results before the end of the century. But to return to our story. There were very extensive dealings on the Stock Exchange in the shares of all these new companies, and the public bought hand over fist. A jobber, who had a very large connection, found that owing to the strong demand for these shares he had in the ordinary course of business sold to the brokers who came to deal with him many more shares than he could possibly buy back except at an enormous loss, which would inevitably bring him down. The state of his book was such that one Friday morning, finding that no one was a seller and that every bargain that he did added to his liability to provide securities which he could not buy, he left the market and strolled westward to lunch at a well-known restaurant and take counsel with himself, over a bottle of the best, as to whether he should declare himself a defaulter at once, or make a further effort to carry out his bargains and tide over the evil day with temporary assistance. Returning to the City, still dubious and despairing, he met a crowd of people rushing wildly, as if the bottom of the universe had fallen out. He seized a small boy by the nape of his neck and asked him what was amiss. 'Overend's busted,' said the urchin, and rushed on again. The news, which brought ruin to thousands on that Black Friday, meant fortune to our jobber. The shares which he had sold at high prices and had been unable to buy back promptly fell to rubbish values at which he was able to help himself; indeed, many of them had so heavy a liability attached that he was actually paid hard money to take over shares which he had been, the day before, unable to purchase on any terms. The jobber of whom this story—which has come down by oral tradition and has

probably been embellished in the process—is told still lives, a highly respected member of the Stock Exchange.

Voltaire's life affords another example of the advantages that may be derived by quick-witted people in times of financial distress. In the course of the Seven Years' War Frederick the Great defeated the Saxons, and among the other terms imposed required that certain Saxon Treasury bills which were passing from hand to hand as currency at a considerable discount should be paid for by the Saxon Government at their face value, when presented by a Prussian subject. Voltaire, who was then in high favour at Frederick's court, sought to take advantage of his position by buying up a large number of these discredited bills and presenting them for payment through a Prussian subject. Unfortunately he and his Hebrew agent fell out in the course of the negotiations, with the result that this very promising deal ended in a lawsuit and an exposure which gravely discredited Voltaire in the eyes of the king, who had sought him out as a man of literary light and leading, and was disgusted to discover a money-grubber.

Nevertheless, Voltaire's plan was, with regard merely to its immediate object, eminently feasible and profitable; and with these examples before us of the advantage to be derived from fishing in financially troubled waters, it is not surprising to learn that the art of creating panics by means of false intelligence is almost as old as the practice of dealing in stocks and shares. 'The first political hoax,' says Mr. Francis, *ubi supra*, 'on record occurred in the reign of Anne. Down the Queen's Road, riding at a furious rate, ordering turnpikes to be thrown open, and loudly proclaiming the sudden death of the queen, rode a well-dressed man, sparing neither spur nor steed. From west to east, and from north to south, the news spread. Like wildfire it passed through the desolate fields, where palaces now abound, till it reached the city. The train bands desisted from their exercise, furled their colours, and returned home with their arms reversed. The funds fell with a suddenness which marked the importance of the intelligence; and it was remarked that, while the Christian jobbers stood aloof, almost paralysed with the information, Manasseh Lopez and the Jew interest bought eagerly at the reduced price. There is no positive information to fix the deception upon anyone in particular, but suspicion was pointed at those who gained by the fraud so publicly perpetrated.'

It must be remembered that in those days it was feared that the sudden death of Anne might lead to a *coup d'État* and the restoration of the Stuarts, who might be expected to have little consideration for the holders of the debt which had been created by those whom they regarded as usurpers, and largely for the purpose of keeping them out of their kingdom. Apart from such doubtful questions of succession, a demise of the crown need not affect Government securities materially. But it still happens occasionally that the price of some particular stock or share depends largely on one life, and in the 'Kaffir' market rumours about the unfavourable state of Mr. Rhodes' health frequently depress the price of the Chartered Company's shares considerably. It often happens, too, that the sudden death of an operator who is a large holder, or a large bull, of any stock will cause a sharp fall in its price, because the knowledge that his stock will have to be sold makes the dealers sell bears in anticipation. It is related that a certain Scot, on hearing of the sudden death of an old Glasgow friend who was notoriously very deep in North British Railway stock, first rushed to the railway market and sold ten thousand 'British' in preparation for the fall that was sure to follow when his dead friend's account was liquidated, and then took a telegram form and wired to the widow, 'Am terribly vexed to hear of poor Sandy's dreadfully sudden demise.'

War scares often have absurdly illogical results at first sight. It is very puzzling, for instance, to read of a fall in English railway securities on account of a Franco-German 'frontier incident.' But it must be remembered that war on a serious scale causes a rapacious demand for ready money on the part of the Governments concerned, and when the value of money rises securities come to market to be turned into money, and so down falls the price of everything that is marketable. A further question arises when the possibility of war comes up between two nations one of which holds large lines of the other's securities. At the time of the Venezuela incident, for instance, some American organs openly advocated the repudiation of the interest on all American Government railroad and other securities held by the Britisher. There is, however, no precedent for such a course of action on the part of a civilised people. 'During the American War [of Independence],' says Mr. Francis, 'many of those in arms had property in the [British] funds; and the provinces, as bodies corporate, had money in the same securities. It is to the credit of the revolu-

tionists that, though they fully expected this property would be confiscated, they persisted in their course; and it is equally to the credit of England, that their capital was as secure, and their interest as regularly paid, as if they were not in open rebellion.' Russian stocks were always regarded with favour in England until French enthusiasts bid them up to a prohibitive price, because of the regularity with which the Tsar's Government paid interest due all through the Crimean war. While we are on the subject of Russian stocks, it is interesting to note that, according to Mr. Francis, English capitalists, alarmed by the Reform agitation in 1832, and fearing for the stability of government in consequence of 'what appeared more like revolution than reform,' sold out their Consols and 'bought chiefly in Russian funds, as affording greater security.'

In conclusion, it may be added that panics, though very inconvenient to those who are obliged to sell securities while they are in progress, need not affect those whose investments are well chosen, and are sure to yield their usual rate of interest whatever may happen to the price at which they happen to stand. In fact, to the careful investor who knows what he is about a panic may often afford a very comfortable opportunity for picking up good stocks cheap, as was shown in the case of Mr. Samson Gideon in the days of the Young Pretender.

GEORGE YARD.

THE LADY ON THE HILLSIDE.

Meadows, tho' your flowers are bright,
 Tho' you laugh, your laugh is light,
 For the maid is rarer far
 Than your sweetest garlands are.—MELEAGER.

'For my part,' said Michele, 'I do not admire the Duchess of Milan's daughters.'

'Whose daughters do you admire?' asked one of the others. 'Not Heaven's own, I think! I would not be the woman that you wed. Were she as fair as Venus, you would cast her very perfection in her teeth, because it left you nothing to wish for.'

'You speak truly, O wise young man! Perfection is none the less a vice because it is a vice that few are capable of practising. That which satisfies and does not stimulate the soul of man is but a snare of the Arch-enemy.'

'If that be so, the sooner we all marry the Graiæ the better. They had but one eye between them, and they were always saying, "Oh, the old days were better than the new!" It must be truly edifying to contemplate the dissatisfaction in the soul of man that would result from such an union. Yet have I heard you swear that an ugly woman was not a woman at all.'

'He does not know what beauty is,' chimed in Guarnieri da Castiglionchio. 'He thinks so much about it that he never has time to see it. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." Paint your ideal beauty for us, Master Michele! (You will perceive that he cannot do it.) What is she like?'

They were leaning over a parapet on the Lung' Arno, between the Ponte Vecchio and the Bridge of the Four Seasons. Michele rested his chin upon his hand, and spoke thoughtfully.

'She is tall and slender, and her head is set upon her neck like that of a violet on its stem. The colour in her cheek is but a rose-leaf dropped on lilies.'

'Hear him!' cried Ercole. 'She is not flesh and blood at all—this creature of roses and lilies! You might as well marry *Canticam Canticorum*. More detail, say I! What is her forehead like?—though I can tell without telling!'

'It is high and white.'

'I thought so. The eyebrows?'

'A perfect arch—so faintly marked that I am almost wrong to call it dark.'

'The nose? It is a little nose, of course?'

'The distance between it and the upper lip is perhaps a thought longer than with most women.'

'I should never know this angel of yours if I were to meet her. What sort of hair has she?'

Here Guarnieri interrupted.

'You must not tax his powers too far. Even the excellent hero of that excellent English comedy you showed me the other day, when he has numbered all the gifts that must unite in the person of his mistress, decides that her hair shall be "of what colour it please God."'

'Nay, nay,' Michele said. 'I know the colour of her hair—a dark auburn. It is twisted in rippling lines like those the waves make out at sea beyond Pisa—it takes as many ever-varying forms as flame.'

'“The Fair one with the Golden Locks” was nothing to this lady.'

'Your description reminds me too much of Medusa,' said Ercole. 'There is something serpentine about hair that looks as if it were endued with separate life. And, except for this, Guarnieri is right. You have given no details that can be recognised. To quote again his favourite barbaric author—

How shall I your true love know?'

'By her motion,' Michele said, so fervently that his three friends looked up surprised; 'for she moves like a goddess. By her voice; for, when she speaks, you hear the singing of the spheres.'

'Is she a fool?' inquired Guarnieri. 'A woman that looks like one of the Celestials generally is. She is a fool, of course?'

Michele smiled mysteriously.

'She is wise,' he said. 'She has been taught wisdom.'

'Then she will never marry you, my fine fellow!'

'Why not?' Michele asked quickly.

'Why, indeed?' queried Ercole. 'A wise maid knows a wise man when she sees him.'

'That does she not,' cried Guarnieri. 'You, O Michele, are the wisest man of your years in Florence, for you have never been

known to miss anything on which you had set your heart, and you have never been known to praise it when you had won it. You could tell us tales, if you would (nay, do not frown! who said you would?), of the fairest and most famous dames of our city. But for all that, Diotima her very self, if she wedded, would rather wed Agostino here, who has a heart and no head—who fights anybody that dares to mention a lady said so much as “Good morning” to him, unless he does it on his knees.’

‘Dear me!’ said Ercole. ‘How exceedingly foolish!’

‘It is a kind of folly that women prefer to wisdom.’

‘Ah, well! You ought to know, Castiglionchio. I have heard it said that you yourself are more of a woman than a man.’

‘By whom?’ said Guarnieri angrily.

‘By the fair Riccarda di Ser Pace da Certaldo, whom Heaven preserve! I am bound to add that she said she liked Agostino much better.’

Guarnieri laughed.

‘Oho! Sits the wind in that quarter? But Madonna Riccarda is privileged. If she speaks to me with her eyes, as she did the last time I saw her, she shall be forgiven the sins of her lips. By the way, Michele, there is one thing that you have not told us yet, anent this mistress of yours. Has she good eyes?’

Michele did not answer immediately. When he did, his voice shook.

‘May I descend to the lowest circle of the lowest Inferno, if ever I speak of them!’ he said.

A momentary pause followed.

Ercole had meant to laugh, but he checked himself.

Guarnieri frowned.

A sudden outbreak of sincerity, when no one expects it, is disagreeable to the nerves as lightning at noon in clear weather. There was some one, it appeared, and Michele was fond of her. Michele’s friends had nothing to say.

Only one of them remained at his ease—one who had not spoken before, but listened, sitting upon the parapet. He was the youngest of the group—scarcely past boyhood indeed. Now he came to the rescue.

‘You will be late for the Masque, all three of you,’ he said.

‘The bells rang nine long ago.’

‘The boy speaks well,’ cried Ercole. ‘Come, come, Guarnieri! Stir those thin legs of thine, or Monna Riccarda will have some-

thing to say to thee, and I am much mistaken if she does not say it with her lips and her eyes also! Are not you coming, Agostino?’

‘Not I.’

‘And you, Michele? “It is best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new.”’

‘No doubt!’ Michele said. ‘I will join you later on in the evening. Do not wait for me.’

The two friends drew off, singing a light song as they went.

Quel che mi nega amor,
Spero dal mio furor;
Se non gradito fu il mio bel foco,
Del fier cielo le furie invoco
Nel mio dolor.

So soon as they were out of sight, Michele laid his hand on Agostino’s shoulder.

‘You should have gone with them. You are young.’

‘Why should I go? I have no lady-love. You should have gone, Michele. You have many.’

‘Do you think so?’

Agostino turned round and looked at him.

‘No,’ he said slowly. ‘You have one.’

‘I have had many lovers,’ Michele said, ‘but now the time is come to love. I have sought the whole world over; now at last I have found. Yes, there is one. I have talked with her many times. I have instructed her in the ways of wisdom. On the wild hillside where she lives she sees no man except her father. When first I spoke to her of love, she stared and started like a frightened thing. In three days’ time I go to wed her. You only understood—you only saw. I do not want those chattering geese to know. Keep my secret, sweet friend, and wish (me well!’

All the rest of his life Agostino remembered that moment—the double sparkle of the lights upon the Ponte Vecchio, bright up above, softened in the waters; the shadowy fisherman in his shadowy boat, raising his cage-like net of gossamer; the still, dreadful moon, hung like a fiery disc in the deep, quiet sky.

‘In seven days,’ he said, ‘I also leave my home, not to return thither. I know not why I am going. I shall not seek as you have sought. When the hour strikes, I think that I shall find without seeking. Tell this to no one, Michele, but keep my secret, and wish me well!’

Agostino blushed as he spoke. To himself he seemed to have made a great confession. Michele scarcely heard it, nor did it strike him that he too had received a confidence.

Seven days later Agostino rode up the Via delle Belle Donne. He was gaily dressed in a suit of white satin and silver.

'The bridegroom! The bridegroom!' the little children in the streets shouted after him; and he lifted his cap good-naturedly, as if he were the duke himself.

The old men shrugged their shoulders as he passed.

'The fool!' said they. 'However, youth is always young.'

Agostino was in the mood to think everyone beautiful. The children were Holy Innocents, the old men Solomons in all their glory. And, indeed, if there be any place where a man may defend the foolishness of feeling happy because the sun shines, Florence, in the month of May, is that place.

Agostino had few memories, and his hopes were still vague and indefinite, airy thoughts that were bound to nothing on earth and lost themselves in the blue. He was not compelled to build upon the future because the past lay in ruins. His life hitherto had been gentle. He lived it fearlessly, seeing no evil; wanting nothing because, when desire is not yet awakened, a very little will satisfy one who has it in him to desire the whole world.

He was on his way now to find out for himself what the world looked like beyond the walls of Florence, moved by no discontent but by that restlessness in the blood which, at the season when Nature teaches her winged children to build houses, stings the children of men to forsake theirs, and to seek in travel the new life that the wandering creatures find in rest. He could hardly forbear singing aloud as he rode.

A flood of light bathed the stern palaces, and opened the buds of all the climbing plants along the walls and round the windows. The streets were like a shifting garden. Every girl whom he met carried a sheaf of blossoms. A child, like a big flower in red from top to toe, stole out from the shadow of one of the dark doors, looked up to a window and kissed his hand to the roses there, then laughed a roguish laugh and ran across the bridge.

Agostino had not made up his mind in what direction he was going; he followed the child.

The goldsmiths on the Ponte Vecchio had set forth all their

toys. Every counter flashed; the small black booths were afire with brightness. The flood beneath had turned jeweller—diamonds were sparkling on the troubled Arno. The child looked down and clapped his hands, dancing for joy.

One of the goldsmiths at the farther end, who dealt in magic rings—toadstones and such brown ware—glanced up at Agostino somewhat wistfully as he passed.

‘A fine young man!’ he murmured, ‘and going to his bridal.’

Agostino did not hear the words; if he had, they would have sent him hotly on his way. But he saw the look, and, being sorry that anyone should wish for anything in vain from him on such a morning, he stopped.

‘Holà, sir shopman of the sad countenance! Where is the brightest jewel in your window?’

‘It is not far to seek,’ the man said, smiling, and showed him a ring of seven fire-opals.

‘That is a rainbow,’ said Agostino. ‘I want only the sun.’

‘Nay, Cavaliere,’ the man said; ‘what is a rainbow but the sun shining on rain, making it sunshine too?’

Agostino laughed, counted out the price (for he was careful), and hid the ring beneath his satin vest. The child had disappeared meanwhile.

‘I have lost my guide for a bit of finery,’ said Agostino to himself. ‘No matter! I shall find him again when I need him. The world is full of guides who do not know whither they are going.’

As he spoke, a scarlet butterfly fluttered down from the branches of a tall lilac that overtopped the wall, and flew in zigzags on before him, like a flower blown loose from its stem.

‘My guide for me,’ laughed Agostino, and followed.

The butterfly led him out of the city and far along the road to the mountains. After a while he lost it in the new green and the old grey of a rough olive, and then he followed the windings of the path. He had never in his life ridden so far on this side of the city, for he was of a home-keeping disposition, and during his childhood and early youth cared for valleys and mountains, trees, birds, and living creatures, only when he could look at them through the eyes of poets and story-tellers. Often had he been angered because older men bade him ‘lift up his eyes unto the hills,’ when they were fixed on snowy Alps, on dazzling peaks, and pinnacles of ice taller than any outside the covers of a book,

Nevertheless, his books of late had left him lacking somewhat. They did not hold, as heretofore, the six days of creation and an eternal Sabbath besides.

One day the spring wind rustled the pages that he could not read, and spoke to him louder than Petrarch. One day the sun struck down on them, so that the black and white danced before his eyes, and looking up he saw the sun.

Now, for the first time, he gazed about him, and felt as though a veil had lifted; as long as the sky were blue he could never again be altogether sorrowful. His books were old compared with the immortal youth of trees; the passion that had set him on fire for love and bravery grew chill beside the warmth of this ancient light. What was beauty itself, frozen into a form of words, to the changing, singing, shining beauty of the earth in springtime? While he read he had often been troubled by a longing to see the magician who painted such marvellous pictures; but now the fulness of content was his—he had no desire to behold the Author of this book.

‘Pure Homer!’ he said, recalling dimly something that he had felt when he heard learned men questioning if Homer were one person or many, and wondered why they thought it worth while.

As for his friends, he needed them not. The absence of the dearest of them was gain rather than loss. Now that he lived alone and free, he knew—how well he knew!—that they had often left him lonely, that the very closeness of their attachment kept him in prison. Here there was no friendship: he and the world were one.

He had come to the outskirts of a wood by now; the trees were scattered apart at short distances from each other. As he rode under one of them his cap caught on a bough. Staying a moment to right it, a little song close to his ear stopped suddenly, and peeping in he saw among the fresh green leaves and buds a nest on which a tiny brown bird sat with twinkling eyes. He let the bough go softly, not to frighten her, and waited; but the song did not begin again, and he rode on, deep in thought. Where was her mate? It vexed him to have sent a thrill of fear, even unconsciously, through any heart, when he himself was full of joy. The sight of the bird seemed to have snapped a cord, and the vague yet eager longing which had driven him forth from the city quickened and grew and burst its bonds.

As he set spurs to his horse and went galloping through the

forest, it appeared to him that the world fell away on either side, leaving him in an undreamed-of solitude. What were these long-lived trees to him? Their trunks were covered with moss when he was born; they would but wear a little more when he was dead. What were these woodland creatures? They had their loves and sorrows quite apart.

He had flung his arms around the world; vast as it was, it could not fill them. It failed him as his friends had failed him. It was not many that he needed; it was not all. Certain words spoken a week ago took form and shaped themselves in his mind: 'There is one.'

And there, in the full, golden light of morning, lay a girl, clothed from head to foot in a long robe of green. Quite still she lay, and seemed asleep. There was no colour in her cheeks.

How long he stood there gazing, after he had dismounted from his horse, he did not know. He, who had never feared anything, was filled with fear, which cast him down into depths of humility that his religion had never fathomed. He bent his head, shading his eyes with his hand; when he drew it away again it was wet.

'God made you,' he said.

Her long white hands, thrown loosely one upon the other, held a letter between them. Her head was cushioned upon a hillock of moss; the soft bright hair fell like a fairy cloak on either side of her, and glistened where it caught the sun. At her feet, on the edge of her robe, lay a little long-haired dog, his furry squirrel's tail curled over his back, his sharp nose resting on his paws, and his eyes shut.

Both figures were perfectly still. It was only sleep that had quieted the dog: was it something else that kept the lady without motion? The holy and joyful fear in him changed into terror at the thought.

With hushed steps coming nearer, he knelt upon the ground by her side, and, bending over, listened. There was no breath. When, trembling at his own audacity, he laid his hand upon her bosom, it did not heave. Trembling still more, he touched her hand. Just such a chill had struck through him when he touched that of a statue.

The letter had fallen to the ground. As he picked it up he perceived that the cover of it bore this inscription: 'To the Way-farer.' The writing was delicate and fine, but stiff. Wonder

grew upon him as he broke the seal and read: 'O! thou, who findest without seeking, bury me as thou hast found me, for the love of that love for which I am dead.' Agostino folded it up again carefully, so that the paper bent to the same lines, and laid it next his heart.

It was not possible to do anything while the heat lasted, and he sat down to watch. Hunger and thirst were forgotten. In his long vigil of the day he tasted that perfect happiness which kills all bodily need.

The rays of the sun were slantwise when the dog awoke, and, running farther up the hill among the trees, began to bark. Loth to go, yet dreading an alien presence, Agostino rose quickly and followed it for some time. The trees thinned out again as they neared the summit, and down the rough mountain-path a man came riding slowly and wearily. Could Agostino have avoided meeting him he would have done so, but there was no help for it; his very impatience to be back again told him that he must wait.

As the man came nearer, he recognised, with a dim feeling of surprise, the cast-down features of Michele, and was recognised in his turn.

Michele reined in a tired steed and said bitterly:

'Well met, Agostino! Is the time come to love?'

'Yes!' Agostino said.

'You make short work of it! I have been seeking for years. When I saw you but a week since, you had not yet begun the search.'

'No,' Agostino said. 'I have found.'

He spoke as though afraid to say it, and yet Michele heard.

'What is the lady like?' he asked scornfully.

'What is she like?' said Agostino, as though he were trying to remember. 'She is tall and slender. Her forehead is high and very white, and the arched eyebrows are faintly marked, soft and dusky. Her hair is a dark auburn with rippling lines in it, like those the waves make out at sea beyond Pisa.'

He scarcely recollected that he had heard these words before, nor did they seem to him like that which he had seen; they rose to his lips of themselves, as it were.

Michele's eyes flamed, and he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

'Wretch!' he cried aloud. 'You have stolen her.'

'What do you mean?' said Agostino, who cared little.

'You have stolen all that was mine in her, down to the very words in which I treasured it. Those words were mine, and you heard them.'

'Are you mad?' Agostino inquired.

'Not mad, but like to be. Forgive me, sweetest friend! Your words were as a knife in an open wound. I have risked all upon one venture, and have lost. So you are happy?'

'Tell me why you are not.'

Michele turned his face away, that Agostino might not see the flush of shame that reddened it. He spoke as one whose speech costs him so many moments out of life to utter.

'When I reached her father's home three days since, it was to hear that she had left it. She told me once before that she would not wed me, because she did not love me, and without love she held it sin to wed. The very day I came she disappeared. She left no clue, we ransacked all the neighbourhood in vain. I have wandered everywhere seeking——'

'And I have found her,' said Agostino.

Michele's sword flashed from its sheath.

'Where is she?' he shouted.

Agostino pointed back to the wood.

'Give her to me!' Michele cried, 'or, by the powers of hell——'

Agostino straightened his back against the trunk of a stone-pine, and prepared to defend himself.

'I will not give her up,' he said. 'Εύρηκα—I have found her.'

And he saluted.

Michele flew at him like a wild cat.

He was fighting, for the first time in his life, with reckless fury, while his opponent was cool and collected, and so composed in mind that he compared the gleam of the steel, burnished by the evening light, to a severed sunbeam, darting hither and thither. They had fought but a round or two when he broke his rival's weapon.

Agostino, standing over him, let him feel the touch of the sword-point at his throat.

'Whose is the lady now?' said he.

'Mine.'

For a long moment neither moved. All the life in Michele's veins seemed to be concentrated in the one spot where he felt the prick of the steel.

'Once more, for the last time,' said Agostino. 'Whose is the lady now?'

'Mine.'

'Then,' said the other, 'you are worthy, and I will take you to her. Come!'

Too much surprised to speak, Michele rose and followed, and Agostino led him to the clearing among the trees.

There lay the lady.

Michele turned to Agostino.

'Has she spoken?'

'I have never heard her voice.'

He flung himself upon the ground, his whole frame shaken with the violence of his grief. Then he turned angrily to Agostino.

'You have killed her!' he cried.

For all his answer Agostino drew forth the letter, and put it into Michele's hand.

'She was so weary that she could not live,' he said. 'She did not know the way. She wandered hither and thither, seeking to reach Florence. Here, of her weariness, she died. Look at her little dog! The creature is half starved.'

Michele gave back the letter, nor did he speak for many minutes.

'O Agostino!' he cried at last, 'if you had only seen her!'

Agostino did not answer. He was longing to be alone again.

'Since death has taken her from both of us——'

Michele stooped, as though to kiss her, but the other man drew his sword and held it between.

'No,' he said briefly, 'not that.'

There was something dangerous in his look.

Michele raised himself and uncovered his head.

'To-morrow,' he said, 'we will do her the last honours. She was a lady of birth.'

Agostino bowed.

The sun was all but sunk behind the mountains, when he took the dog in his arms, and rode back to the last village that he had left outside Florence.

The stars were bright when he returned on foot alone, and a

strong sweet scent breathed from the pines. He drew the ring from his finger, and placed it solemnly on hers with solemn words.

Then he lay down beside her in the darkness.

Whether he dreamt awake or sleeping, he did not know, but all that night he spent in dreams, that she, sleeping her sleep unbrokenly, dreamed also of him.

He had brought with him the few things that were needful. Before the sky was grey with dawn he dug her grave. Before he laid her in it, as he looked at her for the last time, he bent and kissed her on the eyelids twice.

'For I have never seen her eyes,' he said.

The birds began to sing as he smoothed the earth over her.

M. E. COLERIDGE.

SIXTY PHASES OF FASHION.

'See what a deformed thief this fashion is!'

THE ladies who are so good as to act as pioneers would confer a greater benefit on their sex if they would free them, to the extent that men are freed, from the costly and occasionally hideous tyranny of fashion, than by enabling their sisters to add B.A. to their names.

In the course of the last two generations it has been my lot to see many different forms of ugliness pass, like Banquo's issue, in procession, but with this difference—that when you think you have got rid altogether of a deformity it comes round again in a cycle.

We are now going back to my earliest recollections. I can see my mother and aunt in the thirties with gigantic bows of hair standing erect—*à la giraffe*, it was called—and down pillows to make the sleeves stick out. I believe this fashion was given up on account of a passage in Ezekiel denouncing women for 'pinning pillows to their armholes.' Waists were worn rather short and a great deal of furbelow about the shoulders. The turbans and birds of paradise which at that time adorned the heads of the elderly have happily not returned; and pretty little wigs, beautifully curled, have replaced the old hair fronts. In the days I am speaking of, every woman beheld with horror the first silver hair shining amid her locks, and straightway, however young she might be, either dyed her hair (often a rich plum colour unless very frequently renewed) or bought a dark-haired front, fastened round her head by a broad piece of black velvet. This had likewise the advantage of heightening the forehead. A high forehead, such as now gives us a headache to look at, was considered beautiful, and some people shaved a little triangle at the top which looked blue and bristly. Young women, and the favoured few among the old who had no tendency to turn grey or bald, made their hair as smooth as possible. A sticky preparation called 'fixature' turned it into a solid mass, and bear's grease and other pomades darkened its shade. Red hair and even golden were thought fatal to good looks. The heroines of that day had smooth black hair, just as now they have fluffy golden locks.

The hair fronts of old were surmounted by huge caps and

ribbons—*bonnets à la folle*—described as the height of elegance in the pages of Balzac and Charles de Bernard. They certainly softened an old face. Now the old ladies have discarded caps altogether, and have the good taste to prefer white locks to brown. White horsehair makes a lovely white wig; we have taken a wrinkle from the lawyers. I regret the disappearance of caps. A bare head challenges comparison with the young, not to the advantage of the old.

Skirts did not, I think, alter much during the twenty years before the crinoline. They were full and round, now and then lengthening into a train behind. Gradually stiff petticoats were worn, and then a cane round the hem to produce the bell shape. They were rather short, displaying shoes tied with sandals crossed over the instep. White stockings were always worn. These were palmy days for the laundress. Little girls wore white trowsers down to the ankles and frilled up till they met the befrilled white frocks. As it was impossible to hold them up, it was 'fruitful hot water' for us children when we came home splashed and stained. White petticoats also were *de rigueur* on all occasions for old and young—for muddy country walks as well as dusty pavements.

Hats were not; large bonnets were worn with flowers inside and a curtain behind. We are threatened with these again. White straw trimmed with white satin ribbon for the country was thought in excellent taste. For little girls they were lined with aerophane, and a quilling of white net surrounded the face. I remember how pleased I was when I was permitted to wear artificial flowers. These bonnets did not protect the face in the least, although so large; so an 'Ugly' was invented, worthy of its name—it was like the awning which pulls down from a bathing-machine—and great was the addition to comfort. Some of Leech's pretty young ladies are disfigured, if anything could disfigure them, by these Uglies, framing their sweet faces, which peep out from among their long ringlets—*Tire-bouchons à l'anglaise*, *Figures de kipsake*, as the French called them. They still simmer at us from 'Books of Beauty' which put in all the reigning beauties, immortalised by the wavy, shadowy pencil of Chalon.

These ringlets increased the size of the head, and threw the figure out of proportion. In the evening we wore wreaths of artificial flowers (lovely ones were sold at Foster's, in Wigmore Street), and they made our heads look still larger.

In point of comfortable warmth we have advanced greatly since the days when my mother wore white muslin dresses indoors and out, as the ladies do in Miss Austen's novels. The alternative was a riding-habit, in winter and summer. My mother was married in a blue riding-habit and a white beaver hat and feathers. Even half a century ago the poor little tender babies displayed their dear little dimpled necks and arms in all weathers. Sweet little cherubs they looked in their white frocks. Now they are well wrapped up in woollen, and gain in health what they lose in beauty. We little girls were not much better off. Our frocks were made with short sleeves and half low bodices, tied round with a string. They were most miserable—always slipping off one shoulder, unless the string were drawn so tight as to cut into the flesh. Long sleeves were tied on with tapes to the short ones, and a cape—*pèlerine*, as it was called—or a spencer, a hideous garment—added out of doors.

It was the height of my ambition to wear a shawl. All grown-up ladies wore shawls, pinned round the throat or on the shoulders. It was quite impossible to arrange (at least, none but a Frenchwoman could) these heavy Indian or Paisley shawls gracefully. It was better in the summer, when black or white lace was substituted; or a long scarf, without fastening, hung from the shoulders and was always slipping into the dust or dirt. Round capes, called 'cardinals,' were a great improvement; and the 'visites' led the way to jackets and coats, and—most comfortable of all for rough work—ulsters.

The riding-dress, though not so sporting as it is now—women were thought out of place in the hunting field—was certainly prettier and more feminine. The skirt was much longer and more draped, and covered the feet. We wore, as now, Wellington boots, and trowsers strapped under the foot. The jacket was always tight, sometimes with and sometimes without basques. The hat, when I first came out, was black Spanish beaver, with rather a wide brim and trimmed with long ostrich feathers. We wore white military gauntlets, pipeclayed every day; and our horses had white reins to match.

It was not till the middle of the fifties that hats, except for riding, came in. I remember my first view, when we went to Scotland, of some Highland ladies standing on a bank in hats and woollen jackets and skirts, and how I approved of their appearance, and promptly fitted myself with similar garments at

Inverness, and how I was stared at on my return to England. For years hats were not admissible in London.

It was in the early fifties that the beautiful Empress of the French began to set the fashion for Europe. It is strange that so graceful a lady should have inaugurated the crinoline. It ruled over us for at least fifteen years, increasing in size till it reached the dimensions of four yards and a half at the day of its death. I own I liked it. It saved all the trouble and weight of one's skirts. One could walk farther, and even climb a mountain better, than without it. The dress was drawn up like a curtain, by means of rings all round, in festoons, showing, generally, a red petticoat, and was certainly picturesque. A very pretty portrait of his daughter, by Sir Francis Grant, was exhibited some years ago. She is standing on the snow, in a black hat and a black dress looped over a red petticoat, her bright brown hair puffed out in front and curling on her shoulders.

Under the sway of the Empress Eugénie we tucked up our ringlets and spread our hair out wide on each side of our face. Long curls were still admissible hanging from the back of the head. Low sloping shoulders were admired, and evening gowns were always cut so as to show them; the sleeves, therefore, began a long way down, and not much of the arm was displayed. A few years later there were no sleeves at all. We wore blouses in old days, and dignified them with the name of Garibaldi. They were loose and comfortable, and matched the flowing skirts.

The crinoline was impossible when young ladies became athletic. It shrank, but it begat a monster. It concentrated itself in a huge hump at the back, fit for nothing but a monkey to sit on. When at length even the votaries of fashion could bear it no longer, it was necessary to gore the skirts to enable the wearers to join in the sports of the day, and these clinging skirts oblige dressmakers to put a pocket in the back. Can there be a more ridiculous and ungraceful gesture than that of a lady hunting for her pocket, and forced at last to stand up to get at it?

The absence of furbelow and drapery on the skirt was made up for by huge sleeves, now happily gone out, but the capes and frillings on the bodice still give, with the addition of an enormous hat, a look of top-heaviness to the whole figure. Now the skirts are befrilled again, though still clinging.

Whatever the prevailing fashion may be, one gets used to it, as one does to the face of a friend who is not strictly beautiful

(*pas trop bien*, as the French delicately put it), and even to like it. What I complain of is the incessant change. No sooner has one become accustomed to flowing garments than tight ones come in; no sooner has one begun to ruffle it complacently in balloon sleeves than they shrink to the dimensions of a man's coat-sleeve. I wonder how men contrived to purchase their immunity from this distracting tyranny? Heaven forbid, however, that we should crystallise at the 'rational dress' stage; may we ever keep our draperies and laces! Nor would one rejoice in the permanence of the Grecian style. Stays, warm petticoats, and dress that fits are essential in cold winds and for active exercise. Imagine Penelope getting over a stile or Helen riding a bicycle in a chiton and sandals! Our dress cannot be classical. How frightful and ridiculous was the attempt to make it so in the beginning of this century under the first French Empire, is shown in the fashion books of that time; they are enough to make a cat laugh.

What costume could possibly be more dignified and graceful than that of Sir Joshua Reynolds' and Gainsborough's lovely ladies—the high head-dress, the long waist, the square bodice, with sleeves ending in ruffles at the elbow, and the moderately full skirt without hoop or crinoline? We have adopted some parts of it—the coat of the present day is just like the pattern introduced to Queen Charlotte by Miss Burney—why should we not copy and above all things keep to the remainder? I suppose the dress-makers would object; and to their tyranny, in the name of Fashion, we shall always, I fear, continue in subjection.

M. C. M. SIMPSON.

A RELIC OF WILLIAM OLDYS.

IN the store of curiosities collected by Isaac D'Israeli there are few things more delightful than his account of William Oldys, the antiquary. Of him it was truly said that he lived in the Back Ages and 'crept about the dark passages of Time,' and that his keen eye was able to detect the forms of artistic beauty, though almost effaced by the 'rust of antiquity.' No one, said D'Israeli, ever exceeded him in his knowledge of Elizabethan writers; and his good taste was proved by the Life of Raleigh, which Gibbon found to be so richly inlaid with curious facts that he laid aside his own project for a rival biography.

Oldys displayed his profound learning in the pages of his 'British Librarian,' in various Lives contributed to the 'Biographia Britannica,' and most of all, perhaps, in his *marginalia* on Langbaine's 'Dramatic Authors,' of which a precious transcript in his own handwriting is preserved in the British Museum.

'This Oldys,' says Dibdin, 'was the oddest mortal that ever wrote'; but we must remember that the bibliomaniac's opinion was based on the scurrilous 'Olio.' Our antiquary was certainly very careless of the world's opinion. Being of a shy and nervous disposition, he liked to sip his ale by the kitchen fire, 'that he might not be obliged to mingle with the visitors.' The simplicity of his manners, wrote Mr. Taylor, made him decline an introduction to 'my grandfather, the Chevalier,' who indeed was 'splendid in attire' and a favourite in all the Courts of Europe. During the latter part of his life Oldys spent all his time among the books at the College of Arms 'in the large room up one pair of stairs, in Norroy's Apartments, in the West Wing.' His notes appear to have been scattered almost at random through a litter of manuscripts. They were 'dispersed on many a fly-leaf' or jotted on the margins of a favourite folio. A few were arranged in diaries and commonplace books; but most of the memoranda were cast into what he called his Parchment Budgets, 'his bags of Biography, of Botany, of Obituary, or of books relating to London, which he was always filling.'

The story of the loss of his Shakespeare manuscripts was first told by D'Israeli. Several facts were added by Mr. Thoms in his

'Memoir of Oldys,' and further information is to be found in a work called 'Records of my Life,' written by Mr. John Taylor, son of Dr. Taylor the oculist, both personal friends of Oldys. The younger gentleman, in a conversation with D'Israeli, described the papers as consisting chiefly of short extracts from printed books, with memoranda of dates. William Oldys, he said, had contracted to supply ten years of Shakespeare's life (unknown to the biographers) with one Walker, a bookseller in the Strand; and he added, 'as he did not live to fulfil his engagement, my father was obliged to return to Walker twenty guineas which he had advanced on the work.'

When Oldys died, the care of his papers devolved upon Dr. Taylor, in whose possession they remained for many years. His son told D'Israeli that during this period all the manuscripts were seen by Malone, the Shakespearian commentator. The remark provoked a quick reply. 'Have they met with the fate of sucked oranges? And pray how much of Malone may we owe to Oldys?' We cannot give any answer to this suggestion; but Dr. Drake maintained that there were grounds for the belief that Malone made good use of the notes. He observed a sudden change in Malone's views on the subject at which he had been working for years. The facts that Betterton collected in the seventeenth century were published by Rowe in the *Life of Shakespeare* which appeared in 1709. What had been previously known, says Dr. Drake, amounted to a mere trifle, and what was afterwards added from the manuscripts of Aubrey and Oldys 'gave little that can be depended upon.'

Rowe's '*Life*,' he said, had stood for more than a hundred years as an undisputed authority, when a very strange thing came to pass. 'Mr. Malone, who for more than half a century had been sedulously endeavouring to substantiate the few facts and to extend the meagre narrative of Rowe, suddenly turned round upon the hapless biographer, boasting, with a singular dereliction of all his former opinions, that he would prove eight out of the ten facts, which Rowe had brought forward, to be false.'

The whole 'treasure of manuscripts' left in Dr. Taylor's keeping was at one time lent to Bishop Percy; and about thirty years after the antiquary's death the papers were submitted to the inspection of Dr. Kippis, then editor of the '*Biographia Britannica*,' and on his recommendation they were purchased by Mr. Cadell the bookseller. D'Israeli had reason to suppose that in

or about the year 1809 they were in the possession of the publishers Messrs. Wilkie and Robinson. 'I applied,' he says, 'to this house, and they after some time referred me to Mr. John Robinson, with whom all the papers of the former partnership were deposited; but Mr. John Robinson has terminated my enquiries by his civility in promising to comply with them and his pertinacity in not doing so.'

While still a young man Oldys became involved in the disaster of the South Sea Bubble, and was obliged to surrender his property, consisting of little more than a few books and memoranda. He left London in 1724, and remained for four or five years in Yorkshire, where he was helped to literary work by Lord Malton's patronage. On his return to London, about 1729, he found that his interleaved 'Langbaine' had fallen into the hands of a bookseller named Coxeter, who declined to allow him a sight of his own compilation. Oldys set to work to post up another copy as best he could from memory, and was wonderfully successful in his task. Meantime he began to make another collection of books and manuscripts. A note in his second transcript records his purchase of two hundred volumes at the auction of Lord Stamford's library at St. Paul's Coffee-house. About this time he began to be employed by Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, who was anxious to improve and enlarge the great library founded by his father. Writing about the year 1730, before he was actually engaged in the library, Oldys says that the Earl had invited him to submit for inspection his political and historical manuscripts, formerly belonging to the Earl of Clarendon, his Royal letters and miscellaneous State-papers, 'together with a very large collection of English heads in sculpture.' It is with the list of the portraits which were exhibited to the Earl by Oldys that we now have to deal. They were catalogued and described in a small quarto common-place book, inscribed 'W. Oldys, 1724,' but not actually used until some years afterwards. The contents are headed as follows: 'Catalogue of my Prints or Graved Portraits of our most eminent countrymen, 1730.'

On the death of Oldys, in 1761, his printed books and some of his manuscripts, including the volume in question, were purchased by Mr. Thomas Davies the bookseller, who wrote the Life of Garrick, and were sold by him at auction in the April of the following year. This volume was entered in the list as No. 3615, 'A Catalogue of Graved Prints of our most eminent

Countrymen, belonging to Mr. Oldys.' It was purchased by Horace Walpole, who added a few notes, chiefly relating to some of the engravings which he had acquired from the Harleian collection. It contains the book-plate with his arms and motto, and 'Mr. Horatio Walpole' inscribed below. The volume afterwards belonged to Sir Edwin Johnson, and is now in the writer's possession. Some of the notes relating to the Elizabethan age appear to be worthy of attention. One of the most important entries relates to George Vertue's print of the 'Chandos' portrait. Oldys enters it under the heading of 'William Shakespeare,' with the years of his birth and death, and describes it as 'A sheet by G. Vertue, 1719 from an original which Robert Keck of the Inner Temple, Esq. purchased for 40 guineas of the Executors of Mrs. Barry the Actress.' This lady was the friend of Betterton, who took the part of Evadne in the 'Maid's Tragedy' at his last benefit on April 13, 1710. She had returned to the stage to take part in the benefit of the previous year, when a sum of 500*l.* had been raised to relieve Betterton from actual want; in his gratitude he presented her with the painting given to him by Sir William Davenant. Mrs. Barry had no executor in the proper sense of the term, for, like Betterton himself, she died intestate. The picture, however, was included in the administration of her effects, and was purchased by Mr. Keck from her representatives. The description in the manuscript differs from the statement affixed to the picture when it was given by the Earl of Ellesmere to the National Portrait Gallery. This was to the following effect: 'The Chandos Shakespeare was the property of John Taylor the player, by whom, or by Richard Burbage, it was painted. The picture was left by the former in his will to Sir Wm. Davenant; after his death it was bought by Betterton the actor, upon whose decease Mr. Keck of the Temple purchased it for 40 guineas: from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicholls,' &c.

Another of the Shakespearian prints was a good example of the copper-plate by Martin Droeshout, which appeared in the folio of 1623, and in a few copies of the third edition. There is something extremely pleasant in the wording of the old antiquary's memorandum: 'Mr. W. Shakespear, in a Coate guarded or laced down the seams, and a stiffened Band or Picadillo: short thin hair not lower than his ears, not curl'd, high forehead and bald crown: as in the Title-page of his Plays, 3rd. impression, folio, 1663, to which there are verses by B. I. which mention it to

have exactly resembled him. Martin Droeshout *sculp.* London.' There is a note, apparently in Horace Walpole's writing : 'See if this is not a print of him before his poems in 12mo, 1640'; but Dr. Drake pointed out that 'the small Head' engraved by Marshall in that year may properly be disregarded, as being a mere reduction from Droeshout's plate, so badly executed as to impart 'an air of vulgarity and cunning' to the poet's features. He adds a remark which serves to show the accuracy of the statement of Oldys :

'There were two impressions of the Third Folio edition of Shakespeare's Plays, one in 1663, and the other in 1664: the first with Droeshout's head of Shakespeare on the title-page, and the second without any engraving . . . Both these copies have been supposed to contain the spurious Plays, whereas the impression of 1663 does not include them, but ends with the play of Cymbeline, both in the catalogue prefixed and in the book itself.' 'In three copies,' he adds, 'which I have seen of this Folio of 1663, one of which is in my own possession, the head of Shakespeare exhibits a good clear impression.'

Among the notices of the principal personages of the Elizabethan age we should mention the portrait of Henry, Earl of Southampton, a print issued by Simon Pass in 1617, catalogued in the manuscript as 'an oval in stone-work frame: a chain of jewels in his ear: flowered close-bodied coat, truncheon in hand, and arms at top.'

Oldys also owned several engraved portraits of William, Earl of Pembroke. One was by Vandergucht, 'in a slashed doublet,' after Vandyck. Another was inscribed with a long list of titles, and a note of the Earl's death in 1630, as follows: 'William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Herbert of Cardiff, Lord Chamberlain,' &c. A third example, after the painting by Van Somer, shows Lord Pembroke with the Chamberlain's wand in his hand and a jewelled pendant in his ear. The wearing of these earrings was fashionable among the men of that time, as appears, among other instances, by the portrait of Cavendish, the second Circumnavigator. This was taken in his youth, after his return with Sir Richard Grenville from Virginia. It represented 'a young round face, black curled hair, pearl in his ear, little plain neck-band and silk coat slashed and flowered.' We only hear of one instance of a lady adopting the masculine earring: 'a lady as it seems,' says Oldys, 'in a close-bodied coat, Scarf or garter hanging down

before, for a George, belike; a laced ruff, ear-ring with a bird, diamond or pearls pendant, and the hair dressed with feathers: Cornelius Johnson [Jansen] *pinxit*, 1620. R. White *sculpsit*. The name is cut off, but I imagine it to be Elizabeth, daughter of King James the First, Queen of Bohemia.'

Oldys possessed two singularly different portraits of the Countess of Pembroke, who will be remembered as 'Sidney's sister' when her own additions to the 'Arcadia' are little read and her translations from the Hebrew are forgotten. The first was a print by Jean de Courbes: 'Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, her hair dressed with flowers: in a low dress . . . in an oval frame, about which shepherds' crooks wreathed with myrtle-boughs, flaming torches, and four French verses comparing her to Pallas.' The other was of a graver appearance: 'Lady Mary Sidney, wife of the late deceased Henry Earl of Pembroke, frizzled hair, large stiff laced collar, David's psalms in her hands.' Oldys mentioned her once more in one of his marginal annotations: 'See my life of Mary Countess of Pembroke in the Parchment Budget of Biography: I lent her Play ['Antonius'] to Mr. Collins to help him in her Life: then gave the book to Mr. Coxeter.' Oldys has several interesting remarks on the portraits of Sidney. He describes his best specimen as follows: 'Sir Philip Sidney, Governor of Flushing, famous for letters and arms, wounded near Zutphen, 22nd. September, died at Arnheim 16th. October, 1586: in oval frame, armour, scarf, truncheon in hand, bays over head with the laurel, two more below with ensigns bearing his arms, a porcupine on one flag, and Pile of a Lance on the other: trophies of war all about the beams of the said ensigns or spears.' Turning now to the Diary published by Mr. Thoms, we find an entry about a visit to Mr. George Vertue's house, in September, 1737, to see certain 'curious limnings' by old Isaac Oliver and his son Peter, who introduced the art of miniature into this country. One of them was a likeness of Sir Philip Sidney, with the elder Oliver's Greek mark in a corner on the right-hand. 'It was in a small oval, on a blue ground: his hair light brown, pretty full and dark shaded: his face pale or somewhat wan, perhaps the colours only somewhat faded: his eye gray, very lively and sharp: his nose gently rising: his beard thin: his dress a falling laced band with a scollop edging: his vest, or doublet, white satin, corded, and laid along crossways very thickly with silver lace.'

Out of a number of royal portraits we shall select only those

relating to Mary Queen of Scots and the great Elizabeth. Of the Scottish Queen we find several interesting notices. Oldys had a copy of Vanderwerff's fine plate with the axe and broken sceptre; another of the Queen, crowned, 'with laced linen, and a cross in her hand.' In the same list one may see 'the Queen of Scots in a close-bodied flowered garment and flowered cap,' after Lord Carlton's painting by Zuccherò. He was also in possession of a print out of Dr. Mead's celebrated collection, 'engraved on a gold plate by Vertue.' We should notice also a somewhat rare portrait by Marshall, which Oldys probably took from the 'History of Queen Mary' by William Udall, in the edition of 1636. For the glorious presentments of Queen Elizabeth we must quote his actual words: 'The Queen on horseback, armed like an Amazon with a shield on her arm, sword in one hand, and a spear given her by Truth from the cliffs of Albion in the other: trampling over an Hydra, and trophies of war, with her land-army, and fleet at sea in prospect, as at Tilbury Fort, when she encamped there at the memorable defeat of the Spanish Armada'; and again, in describing a print either by Vaughan or Cecil, 'The same Queen, decked in the splendid habit of her time, fardingal, feathered fan, &c.: represented above the clouds, crowned with stars: a label with eight English verses held forth by an angel on one side, as before Camden's Annals.'

Of the statesmen in the collection we shall take one or two specimens for the sake of curious descriptions or special anecdotes added by Oldys. Of Queen Elizabeth's powerful Minister we have a French print with an interesting title: 'Robert Cecil, Chevalier, Baron de Essenden, Comte de Salyburie, Gardien des Orphelins, Grand Trésorier d'Angleterre, et Chevalier du Très-noble Ordre du Jartier.' There is 'Lord Verulam,' with the Great Seal before him, and again as Viscount St. Albans, Lord Chancellor, 'from Head to Foot, sitting as at his tomb in St. Albans.' A portrait of Sir Francis Drake, engraved by Robert Vaughan, showed the great captain 'with his arm about the Globe, Compass &c. by his side, arms above and verses below.' This was the coat granted by the Queen after the quarrel about the assumption of the Wyvern, the cognisance of another family of 'Drake.' It is said that Sir Francis was born at Tavistock, and that his father's family lived in the village of Buckland St. Mary, in Somerset. The hill on which the village stands looks into a valley on the boundary between Devon and Somerset. Following the river

Yarty for a few miles down, we reach the estate of Ash, which at one time belonged to Captain Bernard Drake. It seems that Sir Francis, by the Queen's licence, assumed the arms and ramping Wyvern of Captain Drake; whereon the captain gave him a box on the ear, declaring that not even the Queen herself could give away his arms or crest. The Queen settled the quarrel by granting to Sir Francis a new coat blazoned as follows: '*Sable*, a Fess *wavy*, between two Pole-stars *argent*, and for his crest, a Ship on a Globe *under ruff* held by a cable, with a hand out of the clouds, and over it this motto *Auxilio Divino*, and underneath *Sic parvis magna*, in the rigging whereof is hung up by the heels a Wyvern, *gules*, which was the arms of Bernard Drake.'

Among other portraits of the hero Oldys had acquired an important example from a true West Country source: 'Sir Francis Drake, taken from an original painting communicated by the Honourable Sir Philip Sydenham, Bart., Knight of the Shire for Somerset: he is in a wrought coat and laced band, his shape not so short and sturdily set as he is described, and his face milder and little resembling any before painted.'

Oldys seems to have been especially proud of his many portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh. Of the first of them he said, 'Sir Walter Raleigh; print in small octavo, graved by L'Eau in France, I take it, and in his lifetime probably, but after he was Governor of Jersey in 1600: and there is a Group under it of the Conquest of Cadiz, with a large French inscription of his titles, &c.: the only one I ever saw is in General Dormer's collection, which he purposely sent for unto France: *Quære* if it is not bound up in some French book.' The second had a Latin heading, with a description as follows: 'The true and lively portraiture of the honourable and learned Knight Sir Walter Raleigh; in laced Ruff, Collar, laced and flowered Coat; truncheon in his right hand, on a globe having a ship thereon; as before the Life of Mahomet, 12mo, 1635; No graver's name, but seems to be the hand of Pine or Cecil.' The third example was inscribed in the same way, as a 'true and lively Portraiture,' with a full list of titles; in the midst were 'his arms in sixteen quarters, his coat over them, a Cap of Honour with this motto, "*Amore et Virtute*"; he is in a thick-laced ruff and cuffs, collar, coat flowered and laced, truncheon in the right hand on the globe with a ship, and *Guiana* written thereon; at the two corners above, Bow, Arrows, and other implements of war; at those below, a shield and sword and map of

Cadiz; being part of the title page to his *History of the World*. The fourth shows him at the time of his execution in 1618, and gives some of his former titles, as 'Captain of the Queen's Guard, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, Lieutenant-General of the County of Cornwall, Governor of the Isle of Jersey,' &c. Oldys had added the following remarks: 'From a picture in possession of William Elwes, senior, Esq^e: formerly belonging to Lady Elwes, eldest daughter of Sir Walter, grandson of Sir Walter Raleigh. G. Vertue *delin. et sculps.* 1735; this shows him more in the prime of his years, his hair thicker and blacker; in a fine laced collar-band and his suit of silver armour, the skirts thereof and the belt set with diamonds rubies and pearl; his sword is set with rubies, his left hand on the pommel thereof, a truncheon in his right hand, on a globe with *Guiana, Virginia* &c., engraved thereon; on each side of the inscription above is two maps, one representing Cadiz and his victory there, the other the Azores and his ships at Fyal; Books below, one open, inscribed "History of the World"; an Anchor, Axe, and Death's-head, with this label, his motto, "*Amore et Virtute*"; his Arms on a cushion at top; Folio, as before my life of him, prefixed to the late edition of his *History*.' An entry by Oldys in his Diary for 1737 contains another mention of this portrait. He is describing a visit to Mr. Vertue, and remarks that his host showed him several miniatures of his own painting; 'his Mary Queen of Scots, a full-length, seems to have most engaged his pains; and his miniature of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the silver armour, has a nearer approach to the beauty of the original than his Print before my Life of him, which makes the face larger and less graceful.'

Among the lawyers in the collection we find two Inns-of-Court men, jurisconsults who never loved the practice of the law, known in their youth as 'Jack Selden' of the Inner Temple, and gay 'Jack Donne,' once a poet with a petulant vein of satire, and later on the gravest of the preachers at St. Paul's. One print of Selden was engraved by Van Hove in 1679; another, entitled 'John Selden the Jurisconsult,' was engraved after the painting by Sir Peter Lely, and there was yet another portraiture of the same learned antiquary 'in a frame of bay-leaves,' by Chantrey. For his actual appearance it is better, perhaps, to refer to the authority of Antony a-Wood: 'He was very tall, I guess about six foot high, sharp oval face, head not very big, long nose inclining to one side, full popping eye.' Of his companion we

have the biography in Walton's 'Lives,' telling us how 'Mr. Donne showed a winning behaviour, which when it would entice, had a strong kind of elegant irresistible art.' Oldys had several prints of the famous Dean, and two of them are especially worthy of notice, as being copies of the picture from which Isaac Walton took the idea of a striking contrast. 'I have seen many pictures of him,' he wrote, 'in several habits, at several ages, and in several postures: and I now mention this because I have seen one picture of him, drawn by a curious hand, at his age of eighteen, with his sword and what other ornaments might then suit with the fashions of youth and the giddy gaieties of that age: and his motto was then, "How much shall I be changed before I am changed!" And if that "young," and his now "dying," picture were at this time set together, every beholder might say, "Lord! How much is Dr. Donne already changed, before he is changed!"' The portrait called the 'dying picture' is merely catalogued by Oldys as 'the same person in his shroud'; but Walton left a full and interesting account of its production. The Dean ordered the figure of a funeral urn to be carved, and a board to be prepared, against which he might lean while apparently supported by the urn. Then 'a choice painter was got,' and the picture was taken in the following manner: 'Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought in his winding-sheet, and having taken off all his clothes had this sheet put upon him; upon the urn he now stood with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned to the East.'

After his return to London, in 1730, Oldys seems to have devoted himself entirely to the ill-paid profession of literature, at first helping Thomas Osborne and some of the smaller booksellers to produce their crop of tracts, essays, pamphlets, and prefaces, and rising to a more dignified position when his industry and intelligence began to be recognised. Mr. Thoms collected a good deal of information about his various undertakings. The 'Scarborough Miscellany' for 1732 contained his pretty 'Anacreontic' to the busy, curious, thirsty Fly. In the 'Phoenix Britannicus' for the same year appeared his 'Dissertation upon Pamphlets' and a very learned essay on Cotton's 'History of Henry the Third.'

During the preceding year he had contributed a large number of articles to the 'Universal Spectator,' and took part about the same time in a project 'for printing the Negotiations of Sir

Thomas Roe.' His Diary for 1737 contains a very animated complaint about the treatment of his own manuscript upon the subject, which is now in the British Museum: 'Mr. Ames told me that the Society for Promoting of Learning intended to begin at last with publishing Sir Thomas Roe's Letters, but have heard nothing of the "Considerations" I wrote in six sheets, above two years ago, upon the best method for their publication, at the request of Samuel Burroughes, Master in Chancery, who made me promises of being concerned in the edition, and of other favours for my furnishing him with many intelligences and tracts when he was writing his pamphlet about Fines: but I never had any of the favours, nor six of twenty-one tracts I lent him: nor the three catalogues of my pamphlets: nor those Considerations in MS. which I bestowed half a year upon, though I hear they are in the hands of Richardson the printer.'

In addition to the Life of Raleigh, Oldys compiled a number of smaller biographies for the 'General Dictionary' and the 'Biographia Britannica.' Of these we may mention the Lives of Michael Drayton, Edward Alleyn the actor, Chief Justice Gascoigne, Sir John Fastolff, and Dr. Thomas Fuller.

In discussing Drayton's 'Heroical Epistles' Oldys was reminded of one of the treasures in his own collection. To the letter from King Edward to Jane Shore the poet had appended certain remarks by Sir Thomas More, who had seen her picture 'as she rose out of her bed, with a rich mantle cast (under one arm) over her shoulder.' On this Drayton's biographer says: 'We remember a late published print of hers in mezzotint: in a light or loose covering: whether copied from that one, or one at Eton College, we cannot at present determine.' The Eton portrait is in a three-quarter size, the figure in a crimson dress, 'with a black hat, large ruff, and pearl head-dress.' Our manuscript catalogue, however, contains the definite statement by Oldys that his engraving was by J. Faber, after the picture at Eton.

In the Diary for August 13, 1737, we find another note by Oldys upon historical portraits: 'To enquire at Covent Garden Coffee-House who bought Sir Walter Raleigh's head, said to be painted by Zuccherò; Beaumont and Fletcher by Cornelius Johnson; Ben Johnson and Spencer and Shakespear by Mittens [or] Greenhill the painter; and Cowley by Sir Peter Lely; Secretary Thurlow by Dobson; and Congreve on copper by Sir Godfrey Kneller, as is pretended in the catalogue for sale of pictures

there on the 10th. March last.' There are several inaccuracies in the list. The names of Jansen, Mytens, Jonson, and Raleigh are all spelt in old-fashioned ways; and an 'or' seems to be omitted before the mention of Mr. John Greenhill, that clever copyist whose works could hardly be distinguished from the originals by Vandyck. We cannot tell why the statement about Kneller was treated as being obviously absurd; for he certainly painted a miniature 'in oil, on copper,' of the Duke of Newcastle, and he might have painted Congreve in the same style at any time after the success of the 'Old Bachelor' at Drury Lane in 1693.

An entry in the Diary for 1739 shows how Oldys was gradually induced to give all his time to the service of Lord Oxford's library. In March he goes to Cook's auction to bid for a Teniers, which Sir Paul Methuen secured for thirty-six guineas. On the 1st of the month he writes: 'Gave his Lordship my manuscript of Sir Francis Walsingham's Table-book'; on the 21st, 'dined with my Lord according to his invitation by letter yesterday: Lord Duplin there, and Duke of Portland'; and on the 27th, 'Received 20*l.* of Lord Oxford to lay out, and promise of 200*l.* per annum as secretary.' He seems to have been used rather as a literary 'odd man' than as a regular librarian, though the higher office had been for several years vacant. The Earl may have wished to be his own librarian, or it may be that it was considered hopeless to find a real successor to Humphrey Wanley. Oldys showed very plainly in his autobiography that he felt himself to be hardly treated. He was under terms to furnish a series of Lives for the 'General Dictionary'; 'yet my Lord's employment of me,' he complains, 'grew so constant that I never finished above three or four Lives for that work, to the time of his death.' Mr. Thoms has shown that Oldys left behind him the materials for several biographies, which were eventually purchased by Cadell and used in the second edition of the 'Biographia Britannica.' 'Now was I employed at auction-sales, and in writing at home, in transcribing my own collection or others for his lordship, till the latter part of the year 1739, for which services I received from him about 150*l.* In November, the same year, I first entered his library of manuscripts, whereunto I came daily, sorted and methodized his vast collection of letters,' &c. 'Then indeed,' he continued, 'his Lordship considering what beneficial prospects I had given up to serve him, and what communications I

had voluntarily made to his library almost every day, by purchases which I never charged, and presents out of whatever was most worthy of publication among my own collections, of which he also chose what he pleased whenever he came to my Chambers, (which I have since greatly wanted,) I did thenceforward receive of him 200*l.* a year for the short remainder of his life.' He speaks of the prejudice conceived against him by members of the Earl's family, saying it was not so much about money, but because of the intimacy, 'all for the benefit of his library,' with which Lord Oxford had favoured him. 'No! it was not what his Lordship made me more happy in than his money, which has been the cause of my greatest unhappiness with them: his favour, his friendly occupation or treatment of me: his many visits at my Chambers: his many invitations by letter and otherwise to dine with him, and pass whole evenings with him.' It was at one of these dinners that Oldys met Mr. Pope, and had the honour of correcting him in a Latin quotation, and of taking part in a discourse about Shakespeare's monument, then recently erected in Westminster Abbey. 'He did not boast,' said Mr. Taylor, 'as I remember, of having been admitted as a guest at the table, but as happening to be in the room.' But why, asked D'Israeli, might not Oldys have been seated 'at least below the salt'? 'It would do no honour to either party to suppose that he stood among the menials.'

There had already been some intercourse between Pope and Oldys with respect to the proper way of editing an ancient poet; and it appears, in fact, that Oldys was partly responsible for the hackings and mutilations in Pope's fantastic edition of Shakespeare. We may notice a marginal note in his annotated 'Langbaine,' in the following terms: 'Remember what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use out of Cowley's preface.' Cowley himself had been of opinion that the works of most poets were stuffed out, either with counterfeits, 'put in to fill up the bag,' or an inferior coinage which they would afterwards have been only too glad to call in. 'This has been the case,' he said, 'with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others, part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me: neither would I make any scruple to cut out from some the unnecessary young suckers and from others the old withering branches: for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume than in a gigantic body.'

The Earl of Oxford died in the summer of 1741, and Oldys

lost his place in the library. Thomas Osborne, the bookseller, bought the volumes for about 13,000*l.*; and their poor custodian laments over the massacre, and calculates that it must have cost at least 18,000*l.* to dress them in their fine Harleian livery of scarlet and gold. Oldys was employed to prepare a classified catalogue, with Dr. Johnson as his colleague. Osborne complained of the antiquary's indolence, and swore that he might earn half a guinea a day if he would only take pains. After the publication of the 'Harleian Miscellany' Oldys took once more to writing biographies for a livelihood; but the work was almost too good for his public. His last commission for Osborne was the 'View of Dr. Thomas Muffett's Life and Writings' prefixed to a new edition of the singular book published, in 1655, under the title of 'Health's Improvement.' Mr. Thoms tells us that in about the year 1756 Oldys became involved in pecuniary difficulties, 'and being unable to discharge the rent due for his chambers in Gray's Inn he was compelled to reside for a lengthened period in the quiet obscurity of the Fleet prison.' Oldys has left a pathetic account of his 'loitering, lingering, and useless condition'; but it is clear from his published notes that he still found time to work at biography. It was hardly his own fault that he had fallen into this poor kind of life. The ruthless Grose will have it that Oldys was always addicted to low company: 'Most of his evenings he spent at the "Bell" in the Old Bailey, a house within the Liberties of the Fleet, frequented by persons whom he jocularly used to style Rulers, from their being confined to the rules or limits of that prison.' D'Israeli gives a kinder account of the social failings so mercilessly overcharged by Captain Grose. Oldys, he said, was fond of his old associates in the purlieus of the Fleet, even after his promotion to a dignified office, 'and there, as I have heard, with the grotesque whim of a Herald, established his Dragon Club'; and there he loved to reflect some image of ancient wit, and to discourse upon 'a secret history as yet untold.'

After lingering as a prisoner for some years he was 'spirited up' at last, by Dr. Taylor and other friends, to make his situation known to the Duke of Norfolk. As Hereditary Earl-Marshal and patron of the College of Arms he was the most likely person, it was thought, to find some means of living for the scholar who had fallen into misfortune. The Duke was at dinner with a large company when the petition from the Debtors' Prison was brought in. The host at once informed his guests that 'a long-lost friend

was found'; and he called for his gentleman, says Mr. Taylor, and desired him to go at once to the Fleet and discharge the debts for which Mr. Oldys was detained. After conferring with the Deputy Earl-Marshal the Duke found a place for his friend 'peculiarly suited for his love of genealogy.' He met Oldys frequently in the Earl of Oxford's library, and considered him well qualified to restore 'the drooping reputation of the office of Norroy.' To render him legally eligible, Oldys was appointed Norfolk Herald Extraordinary in April 1755; and he was soon afterwards promoted by letters-patent to the more important office. He discharged the duties of his 'provincial Kingship' until his death in 1761, and found time besides to follow up his researches in English literature, as if (to use D'Israeli's phrase) he had actually been the 'Reader for the Nation.'

CHARLES I. ELTON.

‘MURDHER IN IRISH!’

THIS is the true story of the Englishman who came to Ireland for a fortnight to make up facts for a book that he was writing about the country, and of what happened to him when he was staying with ‘his rivrince the Rector’ up at Cnocnagappul. The Reverend Arthur O’Neill, though a Protestant clergyman, was given this title of ‘Rivrince’ by the Roman Catholic country people with ‘the rector’ added just to distinguish him from his real ‘Rivrince,’ Father Dan Malone. He had their honour and esteem nearly in as great a degree as their own pastor, partly on account of his eminent joviality, partly because he came of a ‘rale ould royal stock.’ ‘An’ if he is a Protestant,’ his favourers among Father Dan’s congregation would add, ‘sure if he is, no shame for him! It wasn’t for the sake av anything they got be it that his ancestors turned. Queen Elizabeth cud make nothin’ at all, at all, av the ould O’Neills; so she just kidnapped wan away from house an’ home an’ rared him a black Protestan’. An’ ’tis no fault of the young man’s, you see, an’ no blame to him, but ivery allowance in raison will be showed him *when the time comes* bekas av the dhirty thrick that was put on him.’

The Reverend Arthur had, then, the good word from everybody, though he made no secret of his political principles. He preached his Orange sermon sure enough on the Sunday after the twelfth of July to his own congregation; but when he dropped in at a peasant’s cottage on the roadside it was not to preach down popery, or to interfere with Father Dan’s ministrations to the souls of his flock; it was rather to ask how the bees were doing, and whether the hens were laying well, or just to stand out of the rain a minute and talk pleasantly about nothing in particular and hear the good woman’s piece of gossip. No wonder he was loved and esteemed by the whole countryside. No wonder, moreover, that when he fell ill with a severe attack of bronchitis a couple of months before the era of my story that there were many inquiries made for him. The members of his own congregation and Father Dan’s alike streamed to the door with anxious faces till the crisis of the illness was over, and whilst Mrs. M’Kittrick, the house-keeper, nursed the invalid, Roddy M’Gourlick, his one manservant,

had little else to do but open the door at every thump of the muffled knocker, and then run up to his master, who was beginning to take an interest in the outside world, announcing the various callers, and with every caller there was a message to know whether anything could be done to accommodate 'his Rivrin'ce the rector.'

Such as were on their way to town the rector employed in sending little errands. Letters were to be posted or magazines bought, and those that were sent on such errands were so proud and happy that he racked his brains trying to plan something for everyone to do. At last one evening his inventive genius gave out.

Roddy had entered for about the fifth time after a colloquy in the hall below. 'Tis Widow Maguire, sir, an' she's wantin' to know how you're keepin', and whether there's anythin' she can do for you?'

'Roddy,' said the parson faintly, 'I'm feeling drowsy, and think a nap will do my head good. I could go to sleep if you were not constantly running in and out. Just say to all comers that I am getting on nicely, and hope to be up in a day or two.'

'But they will be wantin' to know if they can accommodate you, sir.'

'Yes, yes! Just say to anyone who asks, that I'm on the look out for a nice active young kitten, a good mouser. Since poor Tib went astray the mice have been doing great mischief in the library.'

'But ye can't be takin' cats from all of them, sir!' said Roddy, who was gifted with a certain amount of foresight.

'They won't *all* have cats to give away, much less kittens. Even if we have two or three it won't matter; they're amusing little creatures, and it will be good fun for me to watch them sporting about when I'm sitting moping in the library. Old maids keep cats for company, and why, pray, shouldn't a lonely bachelor?'

So the Reverend Arthur took his afternoon nap without interruption, and then he rang his bell and asked Roddy how many callers there had been.

'About a dozen, yer Rivrin'ce,' said Roddy, with a grave face, 'an' I tould thim wan an' all about the kitten.'

'H'm,' said the invalid gravely; 'I never imagined there could be so many in one hour. Let us hope they won't *all* have cats to give away.'

But, lo and behold! Roddy's worst fears were realised. In three days all the cats had come. There was not one of those callers who for worlds would have disappointed his 'Rivrin'ce.'

Tender kitlings were taken away from their furry mothers before they could well toddle and lap milk. Active wild young cats which lived in outhouses and ranged the woods were hunted down by bare-legged urchins and caged in baskets, where they mewed and scratched unavailingly on their way to the rectory.

The Reverend Arthur took it all as a joke. He would not disappoint the good-hearted people by refusing one of them. Mrs. M'Kittrick, his cook-housekeeper, in vain raged and banged the pots about, and grumbled something about *her* decent house being 'turned into a menagerie.'

The rector had an easy-chair lifted into the kitchen, and held a sort of review of the whole feline troop, Roddy M'Gourlick acting as officer in command. He placed the scratching, struggling creatures in a row along the floor, and as well as he could remember went over the list of donors.

'Twas little Pat Doolin brought this fine young tiger. Here's an orange wan kem up from Mrs. Murphy's. She has no love for the colour, but she thought it would well become the rectory, yer Rivrince. What names will ye put on thim now?'

The rector laughed and shook his head. 'Too hard a task for my imagination that, Roddy. Worse than christening the M'Groarty's twins when the parents were undecided. I think I'll content myself with calling them after the families they came from.'

So it came about that the rector's tribe of cats were spoken of respectfully by the titles and surnames of human creatures.

'Widow Murphy has caught a mouse, sir,' or 'Andrew M'Farlane got in through the pantry window, and has licked the top off a basin of cream.' Such were the reports which were brought from the kitchen regions by Roddy. Shortly, some sort of an epidemic seemed to break out among the creatures. Two were reported 'found dead' in one week. The following week there was another fatality. Then a cat was said to have gone astray in the woods. The rector began to suspect Mrs. M'Kittrick of having made away with the poor pussies. Roddy confirmed his suspicions.

'You'll notice, sir, 'tis ever and always the Catholic cats that is dyin' or goin' astray. Cook does be very bittther at times, sir, an' has a deal of sthrong party sperrit, an' I doubt 'tis showin' itself agen the poor innocent crathurs av cats.'

Now Mr. O'Neill had no need for fifteen cats, not to speak of the inevitable increase, yet he could not as a Christian minister and member of the S.P.C.A. countenance cat murder on the

premises. And how could he face the inquiries of the kindly donors? 'How's the wee sandy coloured cat doin' with yer Rivrince?' or 'How's the black kitten comin' on, sir? I doubt I tuk her too soon from ould Jetty, but there isn't the like av her kittens in the parish. Not a white hair!'

The rector's suspicions were deepened by the fact that the bodies were always hastily buried and no time for an inquest given. He determined to check the massacre, and gave strict injunctions that he should be called on to view the next corpse before it was put away.

It was just at this time that there appeared on the scene the Englishman who was writing a book. Reginald Dawson was his name. He had been at Oxford with the rector, and had since become immersed in politics; had fought his way into Parliament, and was, moreover, a journalist. It was towards the end of the winter recess, and he wanted to distinguish himself in the House by being well up on the subject of Ireland. He would write an article for the 'Contemporary' or 'Nineteenth Century,' which other fellows would study and quote. He would ingratiate himself with the Government party by hitting hard at the landlords (a land bill being about that time in progress).

He had a camera to take snap-shots of evictions and scenes of Irish misery and starvation for future use as limelight views during bye-elections.

He drove up to the door of Cnocnagappul rectory one morning, having merely announced his coming by a hasty telegram a couple of hours earlier.

The rector welcomed him right heartily; but had unfortunately entered into an engagement for that day which could not be broken through. He offered to put his car at the service of the stranger, with his man M'Gourlick to act as guide. Father Dan Malone would be asked to dine that evening, 'and so, Dawson,' said the rector, smiling, 'you will have the rare opportunity of studying the Irish question from both sides.'

So, after a hasty lunch, Dawson, M.P., drove off, clinging tightly to the rail of the jaunting car, which was driven at a spanking rate by the genial and loquacious Roddy M'Gourlick.

Mr. Dawson had come to Ireland to collect facts to prove that since the coming in of the Government then in power disorder and agrarian outrages had greatly decreased. To make the decrease more evident by the result of remedial land legislation,

he wanted to throw into lurid contrast the disorderly miserable state of the country before that era of benign rule. Mr. Dawson's projected article was sketched on these lines. He only wanted facts to support his preconceived theory.

M'Gourlick was pretty quick at concluding from the gentleman's questions exactly the sort of answers he wanted.

'The country is quieting down now, I understand?' queried the politician.

'True for you, sir. 'Tis too quiet entirely 'tis gettin' this while back.'

'But previous to the passing of the Land Bill this was a very disturbed district, I understand?'

'Divil a betther counthry-side for a racket in the whole av the County Tyrone.'

'The people are not shooting landlords to such an extent as formerly; they are going into the land courts instead?'

Roddy acquiesced. Up to this he regarded his charge with a certain amount of amiability. An incident occurred to mar the serenity of their relations. The car was going up a mountain road, from which he intended to show the stranger an evicted family. They passed by the house of his old Aunt Betty Tierney, not a very bad house in its way. It stood on a good piece of land, and was usually referred to as 'a dacent snug little spot.'

'Hullo!' cried the Englishmen, on sighting the edifice and the old woman in front of it feeding her hens. 'I must stop and take a snap-shot here. This will make a capital picture of a typical hovel with an Irish peasant in front of it.'

'That's not an Irish pheasant, it's a gamecock!' said Roddy. The stranger roared at his mistake and focussed his camera on Betty Tierney's dwelling, then demanded to be driven on, if possible, to a few more 'wretched hovels' of the same sort.

Roddy clenched his teeth grimly and flushed to the roots of the hair. It was then that he began to tell the stranger wild tales of murder and rapine, which made him shiver with apprehension as the early winter night closed down on them miles from home in a desolate bogland district. He told the tragic tales of all the violence that had happened in the district through the whole course of the century. In a low confidential tone he spoke of the power and extent of secret societies, which had dealt out wild justice or fierce personal vengeance in the era of the tithe war and the gloom of the famine days. He told

these stories, but did not date them. Mr. Dawson was left with a vague uncomfortable feeling that all this was contemporary history. The doings of Moonlighters, Whiteboys, Molly Maguires, Rapparees, and Ribbon-men were blended into one lurid record of blood and terror. The climax was reached when, at a sharp turn of a road, they came in sight of a dark little pit of a lough, shivering drearily under the whipping of the winter wind. 'Yonder,' said Roddy, rising to his feet and pointing onward with his whip — 'yonder is where an agent's *corp* was found, tied hand an' fut, and doubled up in a sack wid stones in it.' Then in a lower voice he muttered, 'Mind me to tell you more about that, sir, when we get *on* a bit. It wouldn't do to be talkin' about it here!'

He gave a quick apprehensive glance around, then suddenly whipped up the horse to a gallop, and said not a word till they were well past the eerie place. Mr. Dawson shuddered, and timorously suggested that all that sort of thing was past and gone.

'*Whisht!*' said Roddy impressively, '*I'm none so shure about that.*'

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The rectory dining-room was a pleasant contrast to the mountain road. Mrs. McKittrick had prepared a plenteous repast; and Father Dan Malone, the parish priest, was there to enliven the conversation with his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and drollery.

Roddy's tales of terror were almost forgotten. They belonged anyhow to a past era. The Ireland of to-day was a happy pleasant country, where the priest and parson, like the scriptural lion and lamb, sat down together. The turkey had been disposed of, and there was a pause during which the genial company awaited the advent of the pudding. Roddy, who was waiting table, had been a minute gone. He returned empty-handed and with a somewhat excited demeanour. Bending over his master's shoulder, in a low but distinct voice he intimated:

'If ye plase, sir, Andy McFarlane and the youngest av the Maguires has both been carried in kilt dead! Wud ye be plased to step down and view the bodies.'

'What!' said the rector sternly. 'This is getting too bad!' Then recollecting his guest he added, 'Be off and bring the pudding. You shouldn't have brought up this matter till after dinner.'

He turned to take up the thread of conversation which had been broken by the entrance of Roddy, and was surprised to see that his guest had started to his feet in a state of wild excitement.

'Good heavens, O'Neill!' he was saying, 'can you be so hardened to this sort of thing that you talk of taking *pudding*? No pudding for me, thanks, this evening!'

'The cook says she won't dish it either till the *corps* are tuk out of the kitchen. She's that upset she's not fit to stan' over the pot,' Roddy added by way of excuse for lingering there to enjoy Mr. Dawson's astonishment.

'Be off, sir,' said the rector sternly, for he saw at a glance the false impression that had been given to his guest.

'I assure you, Dawson, there is no necessity for you to get into such a state. Let me explain!'

But Dawson was deaf to explanations. 'Where is the nearest police station?' he exclaimed. 'The matter must be immediately reported. Who is to go? That is the question. Have you arms?'

He was out into the hall after Roddy. The rector and Father Dan looked after him in speechless amazement. Then the rector rose to follow his guest. Father Dan was incapable of rising; he could only lie back in his chair and roar laughing till his sides ached.

'Murdher in Irish!' he ejaculated between the peals of laughter that set the glasses chiming. 'He thinks 'tis a case of murder out an' out!'

'Is it a party affair? Orange and green, eh?' said the M.P. to M'Gourlick, as he followed him towards the kitchen. 'It can hardly be a case of agrarian crime, with the land courts open now for the redress of all grievances!'

'We had some notion it was party feelin' at first,' said Roddy gravely, 'Mrs. M'Kittrick bein' a Protestan', an' it was always the Catholic wans was kilt before this; but now it bein' both Catholic an' Protestan' that's dead shows she has no ill will that way, but only a general ill will agin the whole lot av them, part an' parcel alike.'

Dawson was mystified: he had been conjuring up pictures of Moonlighters behind hedges. Who was Mrs. M'Kittrick? What other crimes had she committed that were so darkly alluded to?

'Roddy, you scoundrel,' came the rector's voice down the hall, 'let the gentleman come back to his dinner!'

But the gentleman strode on through the swing door and straight to the kitchen. The rector followed; and Father Dan, pulling himself together, made the best of his way after. He would not have missed the climax of the comedy for worlds.

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It was a scene worth witnessing. Mrs. M'Kittrick sat by the fire, her face elated with triumph, whilst between the hysterical sobs she called upon the master to come and see for himself whether she had had lot or part in the matter.

'Poison she might have been suspected of; but powdher an' shot—never! She that was so scared of a gun.'

'Hould on, Mrs. M'Kittrick, the masher's comin' to see the bodies. Don't be makin' a whillaballoo before the English gentleman!'

Dawson, M.P., stared at her in blank amazement. Was this the murderess—this fat, good-natured, respectable-looking woman?

'Is she under arrest?' he murmured. 'Who brought her here? Where are the police, and where are the bodies?'

'Yonder, sir,' said Roddy, stepping into the middle of the kitchen, and extending an indicatory fore-finger.

On a settle in the corner lay the bodies of 'Andy M'Farlane' and the youngest of the 'Maguires,' stretched forth in melancholy state—the former a jet-black sleek young cat, the other a little white fuzzy snowball of a kitten that had fallen, on the occasion of its first excursion into the plantation, before the gun of a loitering gamekeeper.

'Cats!' said Dawson, M.P.; and he said no more, but his face expressed much. Then he laughed—laughed heartily, laughed loudly, laughed long, laughed till Father Dan, who had by this time arrived on the scene, went off again into such uncontrollable roars of laughter that all the other pussies which had been curled up contentedly in various parts of the apartment rose mewling in affright at the terrific uproar, and fled afar for safety.

Mrs. M'Kittrick held the corpses up before her master's eyes.

'Shot, I see,' he said, after brief inspection; and so the good woman's character was cleared (a conspiracy with the neighbouring gamekeeper not being suspected).

The business of the cats was satisfactorily explained in the rectory library over pipes and coffee. But though Dawson, M.P., laughed, he did not allude to the matter in his article in the 'Contemporary.' Nor has he even related it in his recent work, 'Ireland under the Land Laws,' though the anecdotes would certainly have considerably brightened that rather tedious volume. That is why I have taken it upon me to record it here. The story is too good a one to be lost.

Alice L. Milligan.

A THEORY OF TALK.

NOWADAYS the arts of life have many prophets among us. Newspapers, magazines, and books pour upon us floods of suggestions: what we should think, what we should drink, what we should eat, how we should be clothed, how we should grow rich, and what we should do with our money; I remember even a successful dissertation upon the art of breathing. But, curiously enough, upon the most important of all life's arts, the most envied and most enviable of all accomplishments, our monitors are generally silent. They do not instruct us how we should talk, or what we should talk about. At the very most they claim to supply topics for conversation; though they are more often fruitful in the very subjects which conversation ought to avoid. Of course, there are exceptions to this general silence; some brilliant like Stevenson, some the reverse like Professor Mahaffy, a good talker who has written a very indifferent 'Art of Conversation.' Stevenson's admirable essay is, for him, curiously devoid of practical precepts; other books—for instance, a recently published 'Art of Conversation' signed in the most inviting way by a member of the aristocracy—lapse into mere manuals of behaviour. But, avoiding any suggestion of academic principles or conventional rules, and considering talk as it exists between people who have some usage of life, who have experiences to compare, and are not afraid of their own voices, it should be possible to set down a few reflections, which might afford to the average reader at least the pleasure of having somebody to differ with; and that is very often what we seek, not merely in books, but in human society.

Do you remember the reason—one of La Rochefoucauld's prettiest discoveries—why lovers never bore each other? It is because they always talk about themselves. We cannot all be lovers—perhaps we do not want to be; but we all want to avoid being bores or bored, and here is pointed out the way of salvation. One might almost lay it down in a series of aphorisms. But, first of all, we must evidently dismiss, banish, hiss off, and utterly explode the old precept, instilled into our childhood, that it was very bad manners and very wearisome to talk about ourselves. If you are being bored yourself, you are probably boring

the other person. In other words, in order to talk well, you must be interested in what you are talking of; and everybody who is interested in anything is interested in himself or herself. It is therefore much better to talk boldly and undisguisedly about yourself than to make talk on an indifferent subject. In the former case you run a risk; in the latter you are certain to achieve nothing but dulness. To talk about one's self is all very well when the listener is content to be a listener; and the world is happily full of persons who desire to be talked to, rather than to talk. But your listener may have competing ambitions; in which case you will come under the definition given by a witty professor. 'I mean by a bore,' he said, 'some one who insists upon talking about himself when I want to talk about myself.'

Of course, one is using the word 'self' in its widest application: a man, his whole interests and experiences; a woman and her dress. A man's self resides principally in his work or his play; if he talks of himself, it means generally that he tells you of his career in the House of Commons, or of his big days on a Scotch lough. A woman's existence is far more centred in her emotions, and you cannot well talk to her—not, at least, without some danger—about them; but dress is the means which has been allotted to her for the expression of her charming personality—she dresses to illustrate the conception which she has of herself. In many cases her choice of a gown reflects a mood. If you know why a particular woman wears a particular dress on a given occasion, you know a good deal about her. The knowledge may be embarrassing, because there are many dresses which testify to an expectation of being bored; but it is always interesting knowledge. There are, of course, plenty of women to whom the problem of how to dress is just what it seems to the average man—an effort to clothe oneself in a way that will not excite remark. But these women are either absolutely dull, devoid of that vivid interest in life which makes a person agreeable to be with, or else they are preoccupied with something else, and project the self in another direction. In the latter case talk, if it be wisely guided, will fly from all question of colours, and soft or severe draperies, to seek the genuine aspirations and the central thoughts of the pair engaged in talk.

All this applies only to talk between two people; but more than half of conversation is *tête-à-tête*, and that portion includes ninety-nine hundredths of all the interesting talk that one hears.

Even when talk in general has been excellent, when one carries away from it a permanent impression, it is, as a rule, because some one dominant individual has displayed his personality before the assembly. One has seen a man do this, airing his qualities like a peacock, magnificently self-conscious, unchallengable in the prestige of his splendour. Even a man can sometimes do it, and how much oftener a woman ! But for the ordinary individual, who does not seek to dazzle a circle, it is enough to concentrate one attention at the time ; and to do that, you must talk of something that touches you so closely as to be really part of yourself.

Let us lay it down, then, that in talk, if you wish to interest, you must talk of yourself ; if you wish to be interested, you must get other people to talk of themselves. In conversation there is always a give and take. Some prefer to give and some to take ; but give, as well as take, there must always be on both sides. You must make some return if you wish to play the listener ; in exchange for the personality which the talker imparts, you must be ready to impart some of your own. Talk is not in most cases an exchange of ideas, still less—Heaven defend us—of facts ; it is really an interchange of sympathies.

Suppose an average intelligent man and woman in an average drawing-room, either drawn by mutual attraction or compelled by superior mandate to converse to one another, how are they to pass their time agreeably ? The first requisite, one may observe, is a mechanical one, and too often not forthcoming. There can be no conversation between persons who are not approximately on the same level ; the problem, how a man standing is to discourse pleasantly with a woman seated in a low arm-chair, has, by innumerable and painful trials, been proved insoluble. He acquires a pain in his back ; she, a crick in her neck ; such is the upshot of that interview. But let us assume that both are standing, or that Providence is exceptionally kind and two seats are available ; suppose also that they have a charitable host or hostess, who will allow a guest to fulfil Dr. Johnson's aspiration ' to fold his legs and have his talk out ; ' what is the recipe for an agreeable conversation ? Are these two people, who have no particular information upon politics, to discuss the probable action of Germany ? in other words, to collate their recollection of two or three leading articles ? If you have the honour of discoursing to an influential editor, by all means draw him on European questions ; they are part of himself, the product which it is his duty and his privilege

to manufacture; but the rest of the world, according to their intelligence, see in these subjects merely an occasion to conceal or to parade their ignorance.

What is true of politics is true of all other special knowledge. Whether you wish to talk or to be talked to, subjects which do not affect the personal existence of the talkers should be avoided. People who know each other well do not need ingenuity in choice of topics; but very little ingenuity is needed even between strangers to keep upon something which has a possible bearing on yourselves. It is always safe, however slight the acquaintance, to talk to a man of what he has done, or to a woman of what she is going to do. There are certain things which touch every human being nearly. Old age is one of them; and that, like most of the others, is very nearly certain to lead to the eternal and eternally fascinating subject of sex.

But it is impossible to lay down rules *in vacuo*; everything must be left to the individual discretion, or rather to the joint discretion—especially the moment when to be indiscreet. You must know, by a set of invisible feelers stretched out after the impalpable, when is the moment to advance a little in intimacy—which are the people who like to confide, and which like to be confided in. Most men and most women are flattered if somebody who has a sympathetic manner tells them one of the little things which the hearer feels would not be told just to all the world; and many men and many women enjoy nothing more than to talk intimately about themselves to some one who will never laugh at the wrong moment, and will understand what is only half said. Except when absolute perfect understanding is established—and how often is understanding perfect and absolute, even between husband and wife?—there is always, in any talk that is not merely from the lips outward, this groping after the unexplored—this probing into the recesses of another consciousness.

Talk between people who meet for the first time, or who talk together for the first time, has an exciting quality which gradually evaporates. Each sets out on a voyage of discovery in a new country; the voyage has the charm of the unfamiliar, if only by making one display a new aspect of oneself. The long fireside talks between intimates, the endless conversation of a day's walk with your friend, are like the hills or fields where you were born: good to look forward to, good to look back on, renewing your life from its sources; but the mind is never excited by them, it is not

stamped with the crispness of new impressions. Yet between man and woman the freshness of life never wholly wears off; the unforeseen is always opening up in new vistas. 'What? is that how it looks to you? To all women?' 'Oh, the strange thing to be a man and not understand these things!'

The really good talker is the person who pursues with most avidity this continual exploration; who is equally ready to give or take, and is always intolerant of the dull and insignificant; who insists upon talking only of realities; who is able to bring any topic into vital relation with the people talking, or, in default of that, to slide into some topic where interest is possible for both. The essence of the thing is sympathy and a quick responsiveness; a keen zest in the business of finding out what other people are like, and how the world looks to them; and that instinctive sense of individual human differences, which enables the talker to divine what will interest a particular associate. For the good talker does not converse with words only; he sees when the eye grows dull and when it brightens, he follows all the subtle indications. '*He*,' one says for convenience; but in this matter women are best; the best listeners, and the best to lead the talk into the right channel. A man is too apt to talk to any one person—especially in talking to men—as he would to any other; not to let the personality of others affect his talk. There are men even who talk to women just as they would to men. There are also women who say that they like men to talk to them as if they were men; but they do not really like it. Naturally they like to be talked to as reasonable beings, not as inferiors in intellect; but they are not men, and they should not be talked to as men. The perfection of talk is always between man and woman, for each has got a point of view which is unattainable to the other, and must, therefore, be permanently interesting. Every man must wonder what it feels like to be a woman; every woman must wonder how things strike a man. More than this, upon the inherent attraction between the sexes is based the whole ceremonial of courteous homage which should somehow make its presence felt in every word that a man says to a woman—and this ceremonial none but the barbarous would wish to destroy. To mark it, without emphasising it, in talk is a real art; indeed, all fine shades that go to make up good manners have their counterpart in conversation. It is not easy for a young man to hit the precise tone of talk with his elders and betters. To be cavalier with them is detestable;

yet one should know how to suggest deference without appearing to treat them as old fogies.

The excellence of talk is relative—what would be very good talk in the small hours is very bad talk over afternoon tea. As a general rule, nobody should venture on theology before midnight; after that hour, for some occult reason, one is apt to drift towards it. The afternoon is essentially a frivolous period, when work is done and we unbend before bracing ourselves again to the task of dinner. Of course, one is not talking of the afternoon as it appears to ladies who have a round of visits to accomplish. For them the great dictum of Miss Deborah in 'Cranford' still holds good: 'Never let your visit exceed a quarter of an hour, my dear!' 'But, Miss Deborah, what if I should grow interested in the conversation, and forget to go away?' 'Never talk of anything, my dear, that could tempt you to forget the quarter of an hour.' People who come with a fixed determination to go away at a certain moment cannot possibly talk; they can make conversation, and unhappily they do; the vicious habit has depraved their whole sex. There is no reason in Nature why women should be less amusing than men; but the inferiority is obvious. Take the simplest instance. Thirty or forty men will meet at seven o'clock, dine together, and pass the evening very agreeably till midnight. Everybody likes to be asked to such functions. Imagine thirty or forty women called upon to do the same; would they be able to amuse themselves? If they would, why do they not do it? Catechise a frank lady upon the half-hour after dinner, while the men are over their cigarettes; she will tell you that nearly always it is a period of watching and waiting. The fact is, that the vice of talking to make talk, and not to interest or be interested, has entered into their very souls, and only the careful and intelligent among them eradicate the taint. Women have learnt to be talked to, but not to originate talk. They have been taught by their mothers from childhood that they must never talk about themselves; that discretion is the better part of conversation; and that the one thing essential is to be insignificant, because, if you mean nothing, you never will be misunderstood; whereas if you get into the habit of exciting yourself over talk, you may hurt somebody's feelings or shock somebody's nerves, and you may not remember to go away at the end of twenty minutes. All this formality is simply fatal to talk; because, in order to talk so that you will interest, or in order to show that you are interested, you must produce something

of your own personality; you must prove that the thing has a personal bearing for you.

Another form of nonsense carefully instilled into the mind of youth is the precept that one should not talk about persons. This engaging maxim assumes that to talk of one's friends means talking scandal about them. Happily no warning is more universally disregarded; but why give the warning? Why not say rather, 'By all means talk about people, but talk about them intelligently and charitably?' What on earth should men and women talk about, if not men and women? The proper study of mankind is man; his more delightful, if less proper, study is woman; and one may perhaps assume the converse to hold good. Nobody wants to confine talk to personalities; it is quite reasonable to talk of abstract subjects, not persons, if they interest you more; they will then be part of yourself. But, above all, be interested, and you will be interesting; only keep an eye on the other person, and know when to stop. The most blessed gift in conversation is the power to be interested; but if you cannot contrive to be interested in what is being talked of, then either go away or else try to put life into things by talking of something that interests you. The true genius is the person who, while giving, seems all the while to take; who can make a man feel not merely that he has been amused, but that he has been amusing. A good laugh often contributes largely to this consummation; there is no possession more to be desired for a young man than a good laugh; not necessarily a loud laugh, but simply the power of showing that he is amused. The muscles of the face and the eyes can do it silently; but if there can be added to them also an agreeable noise, that is infinitely the better. Practically, an agreeable laugh is the best sign of good health and good spirits, and it communicates its tonic quality to everyone within earshot, even if they have not the sympathetic exhilaration of the joke. But if a good laugh is a treasure, the bad laugh is a curse. It is the most complete expression of vulgarity attainable by the human organs; and even when it is not vulgar it is irritating. A nervous laugh is almost worse than a twitch in the face; and the man who laughs before his joke ought really to undergo a course in the rhetoric of conversation.

That agreeable art has its professors, but we can only—by reason of our vanity—go to school to them when we are young. Women hold nearly all the chairs in this faculty; and, though

they are faulty professors for their own sex—chiefly inculcating the odious quality of caution—they are simply invaluable to ours. No one has ever sufficiently praised the labours of the young woman of eight-and-twenty who has a mission for breaking in boys. She encourages them to talk to her on the one subject about which they have something to say—themselves; she teaches them how to say it nicely, with a pretty deference to her approbation; and she is in a position to rebuke them when they bore her. That is a rebuke which between equals cannot be administered, nor even suggested. No man has ever forgiven any woman for saying that he bored her, unless she recanted with all possible proofs of repentance. A woman will forgive anything; but this is perhaps the one insult which she can never by any possibility forget.

Nobody can teach a bad talker to be a good one, but he can by attention learn to be less bad, and in his youth the kindness of such professors as we spoke of may do much to correct natural defects. The artist in conversation, like every other artist, is both born and made; an innate instinct—which is really a vital interest in things and persons—is cultivated in him to its appropriate use. Like Falstaff, he is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. An intelligent man, even a man of genius, may from shyness or defective sympathy be a bad talker; but put him into the hands of a good talker, and he will be made to talk well—his personality will be extracted. No matter how bodiless and sapless may be the material in which he works—even if he is a mathematician or an astronomer—tact will draw out the human appeal in his lifelong energies and conquests. Nothing enlarges the sympathies like education; so the good talker must of necessity have a good, all-round education. But it is needless to say that the people who talk best are not those of the most recondite acquirements; observation, not book-lore, is the making of a good companion for all companies and all weathers.

The problem of every hostess—whom to bring together—is in itself a problem in talk. The genius in hospitality not only knows instinctively what is the connecting link of sympathy—the key to strike—between herself and a given person, but who the people are between whom such links will readily establish themselves. If she has complete confidence in the result, she will leave to her guests the entire pleasure of the voyage of discovery; if she is apprehensive, she will put them a step or two on the way

by indicating some interest which she knows is common to them ; and perhaps this is the safer method. If she wants general talk, and not people conversing in groups or couples, she will certainly have some one whom she can rely on—a man or a woman with a stimulating character and high animal spirits. One of the best qualities in such a stand-by is the propensity to trail his coat. A good fighter—one who will give and receive hard knocks with pleasure—is invaluable ; witness the strange case of Dr. Johnson, who, with everything on earth to make him intolerable, became the most successful of all talkers on the grand scale—not so much by the adroitness of his blows, as by his sheer delight in battle. Johnson never seems to have acted as a check to talk ; one of the most intolerable contemporary types is the man who lies in wait to say something that will sting. In the heat of discussion nobody feels a blow from a rival combatant ; it is the sudden stone from a silent outsider which causes resentment. But the whole case is admirably discussed by Mrs. Mount Stuart Jenkinson, in the *Egoist*, apropos of the dinner which Sir Willoughby spoilt.

Conversation has its propitious hours, and it answers sympathetically to the moment. Women, one fancies, are best company for each other when they sit up and brush their hair together far into the night ; for men—certainly for young men—the hours of pipe and whiskey, from eleven indefinitely onwards, are the time that one looks back upon with a fond regret. We may not have been very wonderful people when we were at college, but what good company we were for one another ! In those days, too, breakfast was a meal one could loaf over and the morning an agreeable vacancy ; but after college days who cares—who dares—to talk over breakfast ? It is a thing to be gone through resolutely, or to be scrambled through, as the case may be ; but in any case eloquence or sympathy is not in season. ‘I should like to marry a man who would be fascinating at breakfast,’ said a young lady. ‘My dear,’ replied her mentor, ‘be thankful if he is decently civil.’ In summer and the sunshine out of doors one does not talk ; one is too busy existing. The ideal moment is by the fireside, before lamps are lighted, when the red glow is on faces, and men lie back in their armchairs, and women pull up close to the fender and draw their skirts tight over their knees. Then you get the sort of conversation in which you can afford to be silent, leaving the fire to fill up pauses ; and when all is considered, that is the best talk of all.

HUMOURS OF THE THEATRE.

A VOLUME might be filled with characteristic anecdotes of the humours of the theatre. Perhaps the introduction of a few *morceaux choisis* may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The humour of the Dublin gallery has long been proverbial. Macready, in his 'Reminiscences,' relates that on one occasion when playing Otway's *Venice Preserved*, Jaffier's long and rather drowsy dying speech was interrupted by one of the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, calling out very loudly, 'Ah, now die at once!' to which another from the other side immediately replied, 'Be quiet, you blackguard;' then, turning with a patronising tone to the lingering Jaffier, 'Take your time.'

It is related of the same celebrated tragedian that on one occasion he was victimised by one of the Dublin 'stock' actors in the historic Hawkins Street Theatre, while playing *Virginius*. The 'Numitorius' couldn't remember his name. 'You will remember it, sir,' said Macready at rehearsal, 'by the association of ideas. Think of numbers, the Book of Numbers.' The actor did think of it *all day*, and at night produced, through the 'association of ideas,' the following effect: Numitorius: 'Where is Virginia? Wherefore do you hold that maiden's hand?' Claudius: 'Who asks the question?' Numitorius: 'I, her uncle, *Deuteronomy!*'

It was on the same occasion, we believe, that one of Manager Harris's 'walking gentlemen' as Icilius replied to the playful question of Virginius, 'Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in, or will you do it?' '*Whichever you please, sir.*'

Like most actor-managers, Macready was pestered by would-be dramatic authors. An ambitious young fellow brought him a five-act tragedy one morning to Drury Lane. 'My piece,' modestly explained the author, 'is a *chef-d'œuvre*. I will answer for its success, for I have consulted the sanguinary taste of the public; my tragedy is so tragic that all the characters are killed off at the end of the third act.' 'With whom, then,' asked the manager, 'do you carry on the action of the last two acts?' 'With the ghosts of those who died in the third!'

Actors and actresses have occasionally a good deal of fun among themselves on the stage, though 'guying' is strongly dis-

countenanced by good managers. Generally the fun is impromptu, but sometimes a joke is carefully planned beforehand. In a performance of *The Lady of the Lake* the actor who took the part of Roderick Dhu was known to be in pecuniary difficulties. When Roderick gave the line, 'I am Roderick Dhu,' Fitzjames responded, 'Yes, and your rent's due too.' On the production of a piece called the *Spy*, the early acts showed that it was going to prove a failure. So when at a certain point a character had to rush on and shout, 'Five hundred pounds for the spy,' the author-actor, who was concealed behind a rock, arose and cried, 'It's yours—copyright, manuscript, and parts!' That was the end of the performance. When eating takes place on the stage, the temptations to play tricks with the food are naturally great. In *Henry V.* the leek which that inimitable braggart, Pistol, has to eat is usually made from an apple. But on one occasion at Sadler's Wells the Fluellen of the evening gave him a real onion, and he had no choice but to struggle through it, though the tears coursed down his fat cheeks.

One evening as we were leaving the Lyceum, after witnessing Henry Irving's *Hamlet*, we overheard a rustic young lady and her swain discussing the merits of the tragedy. 'Oh, Joe,' said she, 'it was perfectly lovely, but so sad. I think it was an awful shame to drown Ophelia and kill Hamlet. They ought to have been married.' The swain (apparently from Yorkshire) heaved a sigh, drew close to his companion, and said, 'I ain't great on tragedy, but that's how I'd fix it.'

A famous Irish actor of the last century, named John Moody, early in life, before he went on the stage, had been to Jamaica, and worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast. One night, sometime after he had been engaged at Drury Lane, when he was acting Stephano in the *Tempest*, a sailor in the front row of the pit, got up, and standing upon the seat, holloed out, 'What cheer, Jack Moody; what cheer, messmate?' This unexpected address rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward, and, recognising the man, called out, 'Tom Hullett, keep your jawking tacks aboard; don't disturb the crew and passengers. When the show is over make sail for the stage door, and we'll finish the evening over a jug of punch; but till then, Tom, keep your locker shut.' Moody, it is related, was as good as his word.

William Bensley, a contemporary tragedian of John Kemble, was a very pompous actor of the 'old school' long since extinct,

with a sepulchral voice, a stiff, stalking gait, who delighted in a full, flowing wig. One evening, in Dublin, when he came on the stage at the Crow Street Theatre, for his first soliloquy in *Richard III.*, a nail at the 'wing' caught the bottom of his majestic wig, and, dismounting his hat, suspended the former in the air. An Irish gallery knows how to laugh even in a tragedy. Bensley caught his hat, as it fell, by a feather, and replacing it on his head 'shorn of its beams,' advanced to the front and commenced his soliloquy, amidst a volley of importunities to resume his wig: 'Mr. Bensley, me darling, put on your jasey! Bad luck to your politics—would you allow a *whig* to be hung?' &c. The tragedian, however, considering that such an act would have compromised in some measure his ducal dignity, continued his meditations in despite of their advice.

More than fifty years ago there was an old comic actor in the Irish capital named Shean—Dan Shean he was familiarly called—for many years connected with the Hawkins Street Theatre Royal. He was always on most excellent terms with the 'gods' (or occupants of the 'niggers' heaven,' to borrow an Americanism), who, however, sometimes caused him much embarrassment when it fell to his lot to speak a few words on the stage. 'Speak up, Dan,' and 'Bravo, Dan,' and 'Morrow to ye, Dan,' though shouted in tones indicative of the most friendly feeling, were cries not calculated to aid poor Shean in the, to him, at all times intensely difficult feat of remembering the words set down for him. An amusing story is told of him. On one occasion *Coriolanus* was being performed for several nights, in which the Roman soldiers appeared carrying the standards of the Republic. Upon these were inscribed the usual letters S. P. Q. R., the initials of the words, *Senatus populusque Romanus*. The signification of the letters was a sore puzzle to some of Manager Harris's 'Roman troops,' and one warrior took occasion to ask Dan Shean for an explanation of the mysterious characters. The financial position of the management was, at the time, in a very unsatisfactory state, and the appearance of the treasury 'Ghost' on Saturday afternoons had become exceedingly irregular. Dan looked with a humorous twinkle at his interrogator, and replied, 'I'll tell you, me boy, the meaning of them letters. They stand for "*Salaries paid at a queer rate.*"' Dan's translation got abroad, and caused many a hearty laugh, checked by an occasional sigh at its cruelly close application, and at last it was carried to the ears of the manager, who, on the first opportunity, took Shean to task, and remon-

strated with him. Again, Dan's eyes twinkled with his native humour, and feigning astonishment at so monstrous a charge, 'Sure, sir,' he replied, 'I never said such a thing. I was asked the meaning of the letters, and I said they stood for "*Salaries paid quite regular*."'

Another stock actor at this historic theatre, who was also on intimate terms with the *habitués* of the pit and gallery, was an eccentric old humourist named Barry. During the run of Pierce Egan's drama, *Tom and Jerry*, Barry's originally white Russia duck trousers, which he had continued to wear night after night, began to assume a rather dusky shade, indicating their long separation from soap and water. At last, when these long-enduring pants made their appearance about the twentieth night still encasing Barry's legs, one of the 'boys' cried out from the gallery, 'Whist, Barry!' 'What do you want?' said Barry, nothing moved by a style of address to which he was accustomed. 'Wait till I whisper you,' said the voice from above, whilst all were silent. 'When did your *ducks* take the water last?' The house was uproarious, and the next night Barry's 'ducks' were white as snow.

There are few old Dublin playgoers who have not heard of Luke Plunkett, a well-known amateur actor there during Alfred Bunn's management. He invariably chose *Richard III.* for the display of his powers, which tended towards burlesque rather than tragedy. His dying scene in *Richard* so amused the audience that they usually insisted on a repetition, with which Plunkett, in perfect good faith, forthwith favoured them. In the 'History of the Theatre Royal, Dublin,' it is recorded that on June 23, 1828, this 'actor' was announced to appear in the arduous part of *Coriolanus*. His powers (*sic*) failed, however, in the *first scene*, and advancing to the footlights he gravely informed the audience that he found himself unable to proceed. This announcement was received with shouts of laughter, cheers, and hisses, above which was heard a loud call for a song, and the 'Noble Roman' at once burst forth into 'Scots wha hae,' which he sang with tremendous force and great power of lung.

The mention of the celebrated manager, Alfred Bunn—'poet Bunn,' as 'Punch' christened him—reminds us of the anecdote told of his wife, a celebrated 'heavy' actress in her day. James Warde, the tragedian, was acting in some now forgotten piece with Mrs. Bunn, an abnormally ponderous lady, whom he was

supposed to carry off half-fainting on his back. But his arms proved too short to embrace the well-developed heroine, and one of the gods, taking pity on the superhuman efforts of his favourite actor, shouted out, 'Make two journeys of it!' which, of course, brought the curtain down and saved him the trouble.

Frank Seymour, the eccentric Cork manager, whom the late Barry Sullivan dubbed Frank *Schemer*, combined the duties of actor and manager, as well as many other multifarious occupations. It was his general practice, when he first opened his theatre in Cork, to take the money at the pit door, another actor officiating at the boxes. One evening, while Seymour was committing a dramatic homicide on *Richard III.*, the half-price people were coming in. Seymour was never in the sublimest of his histrionic illusions altogether so enveloped in Shakespeare that he forgot himself. His vigilant eye was cocked on the pit entrance, to see that his substitute fulfilled his duties, or that any unprincipled townfolk did not confound their individuality and pass in in a group. He had concluded the soliloquy in the tent scene, and rousing at the words of Catesby, repeated the line, 'Shadows, avaunt! you threaten here in vain,' when he suddenly espied a man stealing into the pit unobserved. The interest of King Richard's situation was instantly forgotten in his own, and pointing at the offender, he exclaimed, 'That man in the grey coat came in without paying!' He then subjoined, with a burst of truly rational triumph, 'Richard is himself again.'

This Seymour was locally known as '*Chouse*,' because on one occasion when playing Othello at the Limerick Theatre he, in the well-known passage: 'Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul, But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again,' pronounced the word 'chaos' as if written '*Chouse*.' Ever after, whenever he was announced to play, the saying amongst playgoers was, 'Chouse is come again.' Seymour hated the nickname, and it is recorded of him that one night when he was playing Othello, in the 'dying scene,' a voice from the house roared out, 'That's d—n good, Chouse.' Then the audience witnessed a singular spectacle. Othello sat bolt upright, shook his fist in the direction of the disturber, and in a voice of rage invited him, if he were *a man*, to come down and have his head 'punched.' There being no answer to this challenge, the hapless 'Moor' solemnly turned over and proceeded to 'die,' to an *obbligato* of titters from the entire house.

Theatricals have never been much encouraged in Cork, and only on the occasion of the engagement of some celebrated tragedian, like Barry Sullivan, or Gustavus Brooke, or a singer like Titiens or Reeves, has a theatre on the banks of the Lee been a good paying concern. In 1825 Edmund Kean, then in the noonday of his fame, was engaged for nine nights at the old theatre in George's Street, during which period he represented his best characters to almost empty benches. On the night of his 'benefit,' however, owing to individual exertion, a numerous audience assembled. One of the pieces played was *Sylvester Daggerwood*, and in it he made several oblique allusions to the neglect he had experienced; but 'one hit' was most 'palpable.' When the servant in that play announced his master's exit, and Fustian complained of having in vain waited two hours for an audience with him, Kean replied, with peculiar emphasis, 'Oh Lord! *you* have no cause of complaint. I have been *nine nights waiting here for an audience*, and have seen nobody.'

Macready was also on several occasions greeted by a 'beggarly array of empty benches,' as witness this extract from his 'Diary':

Went to theatre (at Louth, in Lincolnshire), dressed in the magistrates' room, 'quite convenient.' When ready to go on the stage Mr. Robertson appeared with a face full of dismay; he began to apologise, and I guessed the remainder. 'Bad house?' 'Bad, sir, there's no one!' 'What! nobody at all?' 'Not a soul, sir, except the warden's party in the boxes.' 'What the d—! not one person in the pit or gallery?' 'Oh, yes, sir, there are one or two.' 'Are there five?' 'Oh, yes, five.' 'Then go on, *we have no right to give ourselves airs*. If the people do not wish to come and see us, go on at once.'

Robert Keeley, the famous London comedian, once went on a 'starring' tour. He opened at the Chelmsford Theatre; the first night he acted to a select few, the second night the numbers were scantier than before, and on the third and last night the auditors were few and far between. The last piece was *The Hundred Pound Note*, in which Keeley played the conundrum-making Billy Black. In the last scene he advanced to the footlights and said: 'I've one more. Why is the Chelmsford Theatre like a half-moon? D'ye give it up? Because it's *never full*!'

There is scarcely a member of the theatrical profession who has not, at some time or other, had occasion to laugh at some outrageously absurd press criticism upon his or her performance. Who has not heard of the critic who gave the *plot* of *Hamlet*, and contented himself with saying that the star 'appeared to interpret the meaning of the author with tolerable accuracy'? or of the

'musical correspondent' of a well-known journal in Leeds, who, in his notice of a performance of *Maritana*, devoted a column explanatory of the plot, and startled his readers with the intelligence that Don Cæsar was condemned to death for having returned to Madrid before settling with his creditors; and that his friend thereupon took leave of him in the song, 'Farewell, my gallant Captain; I told you how 'twould be'? Still more laughable was the blunder of a leading Dublin paper, which, on the morning following the production of the *Bohemian Girl* by the Carl Rosa Opera Company a few years ago, amazed its readers by giving as the cast on the preceding evening the names of the singers who appeared in its first production in 1844, and then gravely proceeded to criticise their performance.

Could the dramatic critics on the Dublin press of the present day hand their editors 'copy' equal to the following 'notice' of the first appearance in the Irish metropolis of Mrs. Siddons, which appeared in the 'Dublin Journal' more than a hundred years ago? The italics are our own. 'Yesterday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, *adamantine, soft, and lovely* person for the first time in the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the London papers we were taught to expect the sight of a *heavenly angel*, but how were we *supernaturally* surprised into the most *awful* joy in beholding an *earthly* goddess. The house was crowded *with hundreds more than it could hold*, with thousands of admiring *spectators who went away without a sight*. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence, this *star* of Melpomene, this *comet* of the stage, this *sun* of the firmament of the muses, this *moon* of blank verse, this *queen and princess* of tears, exceeded expectations, went beyond belief, and soared above all powers of description. She was nature itself; she is the most exquisite work of art; in short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus. Several persons fainted before the curtain went up; but when she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, oh, what a sight was there! The very orchestra, "albeit unused to the melting mood," wept like hungry children. . . . Nature sure, in one of her beautiful moments, in one of her humane leisure hours, in one of her smiling days, in one of her weeping months, made this acme of perfection. Oh, happy Hibernia! blessed isle, what bright excellence of excellences stand on the turf of thy fruitful

earth! From Cork, from Killarney, from Galway; from east and from west, from north and south, shall thousands come to Smock Alley to see this woman! True it is, Mr. Garrick once refused to engage thee. True it is the London audience once did not like thee; but what of that! Rise, thou bright goddess, and soar to immortal regions, for "envy will merit as its shade pursue."

There is still living an operatic artist possessed of a sweet but somewhat slender tenor voice, who was once dreadfully disconcerted by the candid criticism of gallery boys in that celebrated arena of Olympian wit, the Dublin gallery. The tenor was dwelling with pardonable pride upon his delicious 'top note,' to hear which the strictest silence on the part of the audience was necessary, when a loudly whispered query of 'Jimmy, what's that?' from the left-hand corner of the gallery was promptly answered from the right-hand corner of ditto, in the suggestive words, '*Shure, it's the gas!*' It was a remarkable fact, noted at the time, that that tenor had some difficulty in getting on to safe footing again, and we have no doubt that the singing of an over-charged gas-burner annoyed him for some time afterwards. More merciful in his exaction was the urchin who contrived to pay a graceful compliment to Mlle. Christine Nilsson. The winning smile of the Swedish *prima donna* is as familiar to all lovers of music as her faultless voice; and on the occasion of a concert at which she sang some years ago, the *encores* were both numerous and hearty. At length came the famous spinning quartet from *Marta*, which of course commanded a unanimous recall, but just as the party were leaving the stage one of the gentlemen accidentally trod upon the *prima donna's* dress. Now, no lady can effectually erase in a moment all trace of the annoyance which such an event causes, and Mlle. Nilsson returned to the stage and acknowledged the applause with her features less radiant than they had been a few moments before. Here was a disappointment for the audience, who had enjoyed the beaming smiles of the fair cantatrice almost as much as they had the sweetness of her voice and the brilliance of her execution; but the 'boy up in the gallery' was equal to the occasion. In the earnestness of his soul he cried out, '*Smile, please!*' and the lady, forgetting her temporary annoyance, cast upon that happy boy, and then upon the house generally, one of the most charming acknowledgments ever witnessed.

Some of our musical readers may not have a copy of the

American dictionary, which defines a 'shout' to be an 'unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are paid well and small children are punished'; but few of them have not heard some time or other a lovely *prima donna* in romantic opera address the 'stranger,' who is always a tenor, in lavender tights, gold and drab jacket, and Charles II. hat, as follows:

Speak, who art thou?

Wanderer in these rustic haunts.

To which the gallant tenor replies:

Listen, lady, I will tell thee;

and then, turning from her, rushes forward, and tossing his head up on one side, shouts to a man in the second gallery—

I've been a rover over the sea,

Far I've wandered wild and free!

and then, glancing down, he singles out and tells three ladies and two children in the stalls that he has also been 'a ro-o-o-o-ver o'erthesee—o'erthesee!—the see-e-ee!' and for fear it may not be known he shouts to a couple of boys who are jammed into the front row of the gallery that he has wandered 'wild and free—wildan—free—e-e-e-e-e,' with that long-sustained high tenor note, till one wonders if he is 'bosun' or first mate amid the applause which follows, and however he 'roves' at sea in that gilt jacket and those silk tights.

Quaint stories are told of the criticisms of some of the visitors to *l'Enfant Prodigue*, the musical play without words, produced in London a few years ago. A worthy gentleman and his wife came up from the country, and, hearing and reading such very favourable accounts of the performance, sent to one of the West End booking-offices for seats. No stalls were procurable, and they had to put up with places at the back of the dress circle. They were much disappointed, and freely expressed that sentiment when they got back to their hotel and were asked how they liked the play. 'I consider that we wasted our money,' said the lady, with some asperity. 'It is the worst theatre for hearing I was ever in. I assure you throughout the whole evening we did not hear a single word.' Another anecdote is of a well-meaning mater-familias, who, having ascertained that the piece conveyed an excellent moral, took a party of girls there in order that they might improve their French accent. It must have been a relation of this dear old soul whom we overheard one evening in a tramcar

telling a 'sweet sixteen'—evidently a country cousin—that she was just returning from a concert of *secret* and secular music, where she heard selections from Handel's oratorio, the *Cremation*, and a sweetly lovely song called 'The Blue *Insatiable* Mountains.'

It was, until quite recently, the custom in Scotch theatres to announce the play of the succeeding evening after the night's performance. One Saturday night, at Paisley, the manager stepped before the curtain and called out: 'To-morrow night——' 'The morrow's Sabbath,' shouted an urchin from the gallery. 'I know it,' said the ready-witted manager; 'to-morrow night a sermon will be preached in Ward Chapel, when a collection will be taken up for the conversion of the Jews. On Monday night will be performed here, with new scenery, Shylock the Jew, whom Shakespeare drew. Prices as usual.'

Sometimes the criticism of the house takes the form of audible remarks addressed by one member of the audience to another. Cole, in his 'Life of Charles Kean,' relates that on the first night of a new play by Sheridan Knowles, at the Waterford Theatre, a heavy explanatory scene was 'dragging its slow length along,' between two still heavier actors, who had no effects to produce, and were unable to elicit them if they had. The audience were evidently tired, though patient from respect to their countryman, the author, and now and then relieved themselves by an expressive yawn. There happened to be a momentary pause, when a voice from the audience called out, in correct parliamentary cadence, 'I move that this debate be adjourned to this day six months.' This sally woke up the house, and prepared them to enjoy the more telling scenes which were about to follow.

Every public has its own particular mode of expressing satisfaction or disgust, the usual symbols being applause or hissing, and sometimes general somnolency. The latter is the most fatal. 'You see they don't hiss,' said a disciple of Voltaire to the great master, who had accompanied his pupil to witness the expected condemnation of his first tragedy, which the cynical wit had confidently predicted. 'You are mistaken for once, there is not a single hiss.' 'Not at present,' replied Voltaire, 'for they are all asleep.'

It is amazing what the public will sometimes endure without anger, from favourite performers, when they are either taken by surprise or the good-humoured vein predominates. George Frederick Cooke once told a Liverpool audience that they were a disgrace to humanity, and that every stone in their city was

cemented by human blood—a figurative mode of conveying to them that their commercial prosperity sprang from their encouraging the slave trade. And this because they hissed him for appearing on the stage in an almost helpless condition.

That most choleric of tragedians, Edwin Forrest, who, on account of his unpardonable conduct towards Macready, could never make friends with an English audience, once declared that 'if he owned England and hell, he'd rent England and live in hell.' But the climax of public endurance occurred on one occasion with Edmund Kean at the Victoria Theatre, on the Surrey side of the Thames. He had been tempted into an engagement there by the offer of exceptional terms. He opened in *Richard III.* to an enormous house, and, we are told, all passed off with great effect. On the second night he appeared as Othello, on which occasion Iago was personated by an actor named Cobham, a prodigious Victoria favourite. The house was crowded as before, but very noisy and inattentive. The best scenes were marred by many unclassical expletives and interruptions, such as a Surrey side audience could dispense in those days with more freedom than politeness, and by incessant yells from the gallery of 'Bravo, Cobham!' whenever Kean elicited his most brilliant points. The great tragedian felt disconcerted, and by the time the curtain fell he overflowed with indignation, a little heightened by copious libations of brandy and water. He was then loudly called for, and after considerable delay came forward, enveloped in his cloak, his face still smirched from the complexion of the Moor, and his eyes emitting flashes as bright and deadly as forked lightning. He then planted himself in the centre of the stage, near the footlights, and demanded with laconic abruptness, 'What do you want?' There was a moment's interval of surprise, when 'You, you!' was reiterated from many voices. 'Well, then, I am here.' Another short pause, and he proceeded: 'I have acted in every theatre in the kingdom, I have acted in all the principal theatres in America; but in my life I never acted to such a set of ignorant, unmitigated brutes as I see now before me.' So saying, he folded his cloak majestically, and stalked off with the dignity of an offended lion. An awful silence ensued for a moment, like the gathering storm before the tempest, when suddenly a thought of retaliation suggested itself, and pent-up vengeance burst out in one simultaneous shout of 'Cobham! Cobham!' Cobham rushed forth at once, bowed reverentially, placed his hand on his heart again and again, and pantomimed emotion and gratitude after the

prescribed rules. When the thunders of applause subsided, he delivered himself as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen [*sic*], this is unquestionably the proudest moment of my life. I cannot give utterance to my feelings; but to the latest hour of my existence I shall cherish the remembrance of the honour conferred upon me by one of the *most distinguished, liberal, and enlightened* audiences I ever had the pleasure of addressing.'

Edwin Forrest was celebrated for short speeches. On one occasion when called out to speechify, he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am worn and tired, tired and worn, good-night.' This American tragedian was, as some of our readers may know, a great favourite with the frequenters of the old Bowery Theatre in New York, which famous Thespian temple brings to mind an amusing incident which once occurred there. In one of the private boxes, on a certain memorable night shortly after Forrest's death, sat a rather respectable middle-aged man with a bald head, who viewed the acting of Mr. — as the Gladiator with seeming contempt, and who began to hiss so vigorously that one of the pittites exclaimed, 'Shut up, old lard-head, or you'll bust yerself!' This remark seemed to encourage Mr. —, who addressed the audience, saying, 'Ladies and gentlemen, there are some unseemly ruffians present who are here to create a disturbance, and not to witness the acting —' 'What!' screamed the old man, jumping up and leaning out of the stage-box, 'acting did you say?—where?—where? *You* don't call yourself an actor; lying on the floor grimacing ain't acting; perhaps you think you are acting now, standing there lecturing the audience for condemning the most atrocious attempt at acting I ever saw!' Mr. — could stand this no longer; with a quick movement he caught the old man, who in appearance resembled Mr. Pickwick, and pulled him head foremost on to the stage. The old man, to save himself, caught his assailant by the leg, and tripped him up. The combatants struggled to their feet, and struck out right and left, while the audience cried, 'Fight fair. Two to one on Baldy.' The old man suddenly lowered his head, and butted like a ram at the stomach of Mr. —, who, gasping for breath, threw his arms into the air and executed a fine back-fall into the orchestra, descending on the drum, and rebounding like a ball across the pit partition, took to his feet and ran out of the house followed by an uproarious crowd.

The famous American actress, Charlotte Cushman, gives some anecdotes about Irish audiences in her 'Life and Memories,' one

of which will bear repetition. One night at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, during her engagement in January, 1849 (when she played Bianca in *Fazio*, Meg Merrilies, Romeo, and Claude Melnotte), a sudden disturbance occurred among the 'gods,' and could not be easily quieted. Of course the pit took the matter in hand; much wit was bandied about, up and down, and, as in old pagan times, a victim was demanded. 'Throw him over! throw him over!' resounded from all sides. Suddenly, in a lull of the confusion, a delicate female voice was heard exclaiming, in dulcet tones, 'Oh, no, don't throw him over; *kill him where he is!*' This brings to mind an anecdote related of George Colman the Elder during his management of Covent Garden Theatre. A visitor to the gallery, in his great eagerness to obtain a front seat, fell over the rail into the pit. The poor fellow broke his leg, and was conveyed to a neighbouring surgeon's, when the broken limb was set. Colman humanely supported him during his illness, and, when recovered, sent him a small present. The man waited on the manager to express his gratitude. Colman received him with great good-nature, and presented him with a free ticket for life to the pit, saying, 'I give you this on condition that you promise never to enter the pit again in the same manner as you did the last time.'

Stephen Kemble had none of the stateliness of his more famous brother John; on the contrary, he was distinguished by a certain pleasant eccentricity. Or, to quote the words of Edmund Kean, 'Stephen Kemble has a soul under that load of fat, which soul *will* ooze out; but John's is barred up by his ribs, a prisoner to his prudence.' One night when playing Shylock, he was put out by the constant interruptions of a drunken man in the gallery. He silenced him at last by a ready interpolation. 'Until thou canst rail the seal off this bond, thou, *and that noisy fellow up there*, but offend'st thy lungs.' This funny rebuke so pleased the neighbours of the noisy individual that they contrived to keep him quiet for the rest of the night. The same actor on another occasion tried an ingenious method of dealing with a refractory audience. On April 12, 1819, the tragedy *The Italians*, by Charles Bucke—a piece doomed to oblivion on the first night—was placed upon the boards of Covent Garden for the second and last time. The galleries were all but deserted, the boxes and dress-circle in as sorry a condition, and the pit about half-full of people, who appeared to have come to enjoy an anticipated 'row.' The management, dispirited by the inauspicious aspect of affairs, brought the play to an abrupt termination with the third act. The occupants

of the pit, however, declined to stir: they contended that, having paid their money, they should see the play throughout. Thereupon Kemble (who was the stage-manager) released the fire-hose from its privacy, carried it up into the gallery, and deluged the refractory piddites with copious streams of water. Another moment, and a number of umbrellas were put up by way of protection, and the picture presented by the rushing water, the flapping umbrellas, and the noisy cries and gesticulations of the audience was most comical. 'More reasonable counsels' eventually prevailed, and the solitary and dripping few turned their backs to the stage.

Players and singers often get queer interruptions from the house. One night Mrs. Charles Kean was playing Mrs. Beverley in *The Gamester* at Edinburgh, and had by her powers hushed the house into the deepest possible stillness, when a little Jew, in the pit, starting up, cried out fiercely, 'My Got! who was dat shpfit in my eye?' Henry Russell, the composer of some of the most stirring melodies in English music, singing once on behalf of a charity in the North of England, struck up the chorus of his popular song, 'There's a good time coming, boys,' whereupon a thin, hungry-looking man suddenly rising called out, 'Mr. Russell, can yer fix the toime?' *Contretemps* of this kind belong to the experience of most performers; but we do not remember to have heard a more amusing interruption from the gallery than the following, with which we must close this budget of anecdotes. Not many years ago, at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, during one of the late T. C. King's engagements, *Hamlet* was being played to a densely crowded house. The actor portraying the part of the Ghost solaced himself during his long wait from the first to the third act by perusing the evening paper, using his spectacles in so doing. Being interested in some article (probably the 'weights' for an important handicap), he delayed leaving the green-room until the moment of hearing his cue, when, hastily snatching up his truncheon, he rushed upon the stage, without his beard of 'sable silvered,' or removing his spectacles. A titter greeted his appearance, but still the solemnity of the darkened stage, and the fine acting of King as Hamlet, prevented any great outburst until the queen, replying to Hamlet's question, 'Do you see nothing there?' answered, 'Nothing at all; yet all that is I see,' when a voice from aloft exclaimed, 'Lend her your specs, old boy,' followed by another, 'Hould your row; sure he's put them on to see to shave himself.'

ROBERT M. SILLARD.

THE CASTLE INN.¹

BY STANLEY WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE CARRIAGE.

THE man whose work took him that evening to the summit of the Druid's Mound, and whose tale roused the Castle Inn ten minutes later, had seen aright. But he had not seen all. Had he waited another minute, he would have marked a fresh actor appear at Manton Corner, would have witnessed the *dénouement* of the scene, and had that to tell when he descended, which must have allayed in a degree, not only the general alarm, but Sir George's private apprehensions.

It is when the mind is braced to meet a known emergency that it falls the easiest prey to the unexpected. Julia was no coward. But as she loitered along the lane beyond the churchyard in the gentle hour before sunset, her whole being was set on the coming of the lover for whom she waited. As she thought over the avowal she would make to him, and conned the words she would speak to him, the girl's cheeks, though she believed herself alone, burned with happy blushes; her lips breathed more quickly, her body swayed involuntarily in the direction whence he, who had chosen and honoured her, would come! The soft glow which overspread the heights, as the sun went down and left the vale to peace and rest, was not more real than the happiness that thrilled her. Her heart overflowed in a tender ecstasy, as she thanked God, and her lover. In the peace that lay round her, she who had flouted Sir George, not once or twice, who had mocked and tormented him, in fancy kissed his feet.

In such a mood as this she had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the coming of her lover. When she reached the corner, jealous that none but he should see the happy shining of her eyes—nor he until he stood beside her—she turned to walk back; in a luxury of anticipation. Her lot was wonderful to her. She sang in her heart that she was blessed among women.

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And then, without the least warning, the grating even of a stone, or the sound of a footstep, a violent clutch gripped her waist from behind; something thick, rough, suffocating fell on her head and eyes, enveloped and blinded her. The shock of the surprise was so great that for a moment breath and even the instinct of resistance failed her; and she had been forced several steps, in what direction she had no idea, before sense and horror awoke together, and wresting herself, by the supreme effort of an active girl, from the grasp that confined her, she freed her mouth sufficiently to scream.

Twice and shrilly; then, before she could entirely rid her head of the folds that blinded her, a remorseless grip closed on her neck, and another round her waist; and choking and terrified, vainly struggling and fighting, she felt herself pushed along. Coarse voices, imprecating vengeance on her if she screamed again, sounded in her ears; and then for a moment her course was stayed. She fancied that she heard a shout, the rush and scramble of feet in the road, new curses and imprecations. The grasp on her waist relaxed, and seizing her opportunity she strove with the strength of despair to wrest herself from the hands that still held the covering over her head. Instead, she felt herself lifted up, something struck her sharply on the knee; the next moment she fell violently and all huddled up on—it might have been the ground, for all she knew; it really was the seat of a carriage.

The shock was no slight one, but she struggled to her feet, hearing, as she tore the covering from her head, a report as of a pistol shot. The next moment she lost her footing, and fell back. She alighted on the place from which she had just raised herself, and was not hurt. But the jolt, which had jerked her from her feet, no less than the subsequent motion, disclosed the truth. Before she had entirely released her head from the entangling folds of the cloak, she knew that she was in a carriage, whirled along behind swift horses; and that the peril was real, and not of the moment, momentary!

This was horror enough. But it was not all. A wild look round, and her eyes began to penetrate the gloom of the closely shut carriage—and she shrank into her corner. She checked the rising sob that preluded a storm of rage and tears, stayed the frenzied impulse to shriek, to beat on the doors, to do any-

thing that might scare the villains; she sat frozen, staring, motionless. For on the seat beside her, almost touching her, was a man.

In the dim light it was not easy to make out more than his figure. He sat huddled up in his corner, his wig awry, one hand to his face; gazing at her, she fancied, between his fingers, enjoying the play of her rage, her agitation, her disorder. He did not move or speak, when she discovered him, but in the circumstances that he was a man was enough. The violence with which she had been treated, the audacity of such an outrage in daylight and on the highway, the closed and darkened carriage, the speed at which they travelled, all were grounds for alarm as serious as a woman could feel; and Julia, though she was a brave woman, felt a sudden horror come over her. None the less was her mind made up; if the man moved nearer to her, if he stretched out so much as his hand towards her, she would tear his face with her fingers. She sat with them on her lap and felt them as steel to do her bidding.

The carriage rumbled on; and still he did not move. From her corner she watched him, her eyes glittering with excitement, her breath coming quick and short. Would he never move? In truth not three minutes had elapsed since she discovered him beside her; but it seemed to her that she had sat there an age watching him; aye, three ages. The light was dim and untrustworthy, stealing in through a crack here and a crevice there. The carriage swayed, and shook with the speed at which it travelled. More than once she thought that the hand which rested on the seat beside him—a fat white hand, hateful, dubious, was moving, moving slowly and stealthily along the cushion towards her; and she waited shuddering, a scream on her lips. The same terror which, a while before, had frozen the cry in her throat, now tried her in another way. She longed to speak, to shriek, to stand up, to break in one way or any way the hideous silence, the spell that bound her. Every moment the strain on her nerves grew tenser, the fear lest she should swoon, more immediate, more appalling; and still the man sat in his corner, motionless, peeping at her through his fingers, leering and biding his time.

It was horrible; and it seemed endless. If she had had a weapon it would have been better. But she had only her bare hands and her despair; and she might swoon. At last the carriage

swerved sharply to one side, and jolted over a stone; and the man lurched nearer to her, and—moaned!

Julia drew a deep breath and leaned forward, scarcely able to believe her ears. But the man moaned again; and then, as if the shaking had roused him from a state of stupor, he sat up slowly in his corner; she saw, peering more closely at him, that he had been strangely huddled before. At last he lowered his hand from his face and disclosed his features. It was—her astonishment was immense—it was Mr. Thomasson!

In her surprise Julia uttered a cry. The tutor opened his eyes and looked languidly at her; muttered something incoherent about his head, and shut his eyes again, letting his chin fall on his breast.

But the girl was in a mood only one degree removed from frenzy. She leaned forward and shook his arm. 'Mr. Thomasson!' she cried. 'Mr. Thomasson!'

Apparently the name and the touch were more effectual. He opened his eyes and sat up with a start of recognition, feigned or real. On his temple just under the edge of his wig, which was awry, was a slight cut. He felt it gingerly with his fingers, glanced at them, and finding them stained with blood, shuddered. 'I am afraid—I am hurt,' he muttered.

His languor and her excitement went ill together. She doubted he was pretending, and had a hundred ill-defined, half-formed suspicions of him. Was it possible that he—he had dared to contrive this? Or was he employed by others—by another? 'Who hurt you?' she cried sharply. At least she was not afraid of him.

He pointed in the direction of the horses. 'They did,' he said stupidly. 'I saw it from the lane, and ran to help you. The man I seized struck me—here. Then, I suppose they feared I should raise the country on them. And they forced me in—I don't well remember how.'

'And that is all you know?' she cried imperiously.

His look convinced her. 'Then help me now!' she replied, rising impetuously to her feet, and steadying herself by setting one hand against the back of the carriage. 'Shout! Scream! Threaten them! Don't you see that every yard we are carried puts us farther in their power? Shout!—do you hear?'

'They will murder us!' he said faintly. His cheeks were pale; his face wore a scared look, and he trembled visibly.

'Let them!' she answered passionately, beating on the nearest door. 'Better that than be in their hands. Help! Help! Help here!'

Her shrieks rose above the rumble of the wheels and the steady trampling of the horses; she added to the noise by kicking and beating on the door with all the fury of a mad woman. Mr. Thomasson had had enough of violence for that day; and shrank from anything that might bring on him the fresh wrath of his captors. But a moment's reflection showed him that if he allowed himself to be carried on he would, sooner or later, find himself face to face with Mr. Dunborough—than which he feared nothing so much; and that in any case it was now his interest to stand by his companion; and presently he too fell to shouting and drumming on the panels. There was a quaver in his 'Help! Help!' that a little betrayed the man; but in the determined clamour which she raised and continued to maintain, it passed well enough.

'If we meet anyone—they must hear us!' she gasped presently, pausing a moment to take breath. 'Which way are we going?'

'Towards Calne, I think,' he answered, continuing to drum on the door in the intervals of speech. 'In the street we must be heard.'

'Help! Help!' she screamed again, still more recklessly. She was growing hoarse, and the prospect terrified her. 'Do you hear? Stop, villains! Help! Help! Help!'

'Murder!' Mr. Thomasson shouted, seconding her with voice and fist. 'Murder! Murder!'

But in the last word, despite the valiant determination to throw in his lot with her, was a sudden, most audible, quaver. The carriage was beginning to draw up; and that which he had imperiously demanded a moment before, he now as urgently dreaded. Not so Julia; her natural courage had returned, and the moment the vehicle came to a standstill and the door was dragged open, she flung herself towards it. The next instant she recoiled, pushed forcibly back by the muzzle of a huge horse-pistol which a man outside clapped to her breast; while the glare of the bull's-eye lanthorn which he thrust in her face blinded her.

The man uttered the most horrid imprecations. 'You noisy slut,' he growled, shoving his face, hideous in its crape mask,

into the coach, and speaking in a voice husky with liquor, 'will you stop your whining? Or must I blow you to pieces with my Toby? For you, you white-livered sneak, give me any more of your piping and I'll cut out your tongue! Who is hurting you, I'd like to know! As for you, my fine lady, have a care of your skin, for if I pull you out into the road it will be the worse for you! D'ye hear me?' he continued, with a volley of savage oaths. 'A little more of your music, and I'll have you out and strip the clothes off your back! You don't hang me for nothing. D—n you, we are three miles from anywhere, and I have a mind to gag you, whether or no! And I will too, if you so much as open your squeaker again!'

'Let me go,' she cried faintly. 'Let me go.'

'Oh, you will be let go fast enough—the other side of the water,' he answered, with a villainous laugh. 'I'm bail to that. In the meantime keep a still tongue, or it will be the worse for you! Once out of Bristol, and you may pipe as you like!'

The girl fell back in her corner with a low wail of despair. The man laughed his triumph, and in sheer brutality passed his light once or twice across her face. Then he closed the door with a crash and mounted; the carriage bounded forward again, and in a trice was travelling onward as rapidly as before.

Night had set in, and darkness, a darkness that could almost be felt, reigned in the interior of the chaise. Neither of the travellers could now see the other, though they sat within arm's length. The tutor, as soon as they were well started, and his nerves, shaken by the man's threats, permitted him to think of anything save his own safety, began to wonder that his companion, who had been so forward before, did not now speak; to look for her to speak, and to find the darkness and this silence, which left him to feed on his fears, was strangely uncomfortable. He could almost believe that she was no longer there. At length, unable to bear it longer, he spoke.

'I suppose you know,' he said—he was growing angry with the girl who had brought him into this peril—'who is at the bottom of this?'

She did not answer, or rather she answered only by a sudden burst of weeping; not the light, facile weeping of a woman crossed or over-fretted, or frightened; but the convulsive heart-rending sobs of utter grief and abandonment.

The tutor heard, and was at first astonished, then alarmed.

'My dear, good girl, don't cry like that,' he said awkwardly. 'Don't! I—I don't understand it. You—you frighten me. You—you really should not. I only asked you if you knew whose work this was.'

'I know! I know only too well!' she cried passionately. 'God help me! God help all women!'

Mr. Thomasson wondered whether she was referring to the future and her fate. In that case, her complete surrender to despair seemed strange, seemed even inexplicable, in one who a few minutes before had shown a spirit above a woman's. Or did she know something that he did not know? Something that caused this sudden collapse. The thought increased his uneasiness; the coward dreads everything, and his nerves were shaken. 'Pish! pish!' he said pettishly. 'You should not give way like that! You should not, you must not give way!'

'And why not?' she cried, arresting her sobs. There was a ring of expectation in her voice, a hoping against hope. He fancied that she had lowered her hands and was peering at him.

'Because we—we may yet contrive something,' he answered lamely. 'We—we may be rescued. Indeed—I am sure we shall be rescued,' he continued, fighting his fears as well as hers.

'And what if we are?' she cried with a passion that took him aback. 'What if we are? What better am I if we are rescued? Oh, I would have done anything for him! I would have died for him!' she continued wildly. 'And he has done this for me. I would have given him all, all freely, for no return if he would have it so; and this is his requital! This is the way he has gone to get it. Oh, vile! vile!'

Mr. Thomasson started. He was no longer in the dark. She fancied that Sir George, Sir George whom she loved, was the contriver of this villainy! She thought that Sir George—Sir George, her cousin—was the abductor; and that she was being carried off, not for her own sake, but as an obstacle to be removed from his path. The conception took the tutor's breath away; he was even staggered for the moment, it agreed so well with one part of the facts. And when an instant later his own certain information came to his aid and showed him its unreality, and he would have blurted out the truth—he hesitated. The words were on the tip of his tongue, the sentence was arranged, but he hesitated.

Why? Simply because he was Mr. Thomasson, and it was

not in his nature to do the thing that lay before him until he had considered whether it might not profit him more to do something else. In this case the bare statement that Mr. Dunborough, and not Sir George, was the author of the outrage, would go for little with her. If he proceeded to his reasons he might convince her; but he would also fix himself with a fore-knowledge of the danger—a fore-knowledge which he had not imparted to her, and which must sensibly detract from the merit of the service he had already and undoubtedly performed.

This was a risk; and there was a farther consideration. Why give Mr. Dunborough new ground of complaint by discovering him? True, at Bristol she would learn the truth. But if she did not reach Bristol? If they were overtaken midway? In that case the tutor saw possibilities, if he kept his mouth shut—possibilities of profit at Mr. Dunborough's hands.

In intervals between fits of alarm—when the carriage seemed to be about to halt—he turned these things over. He could hear the girl weeping in her corner, quietly, but in a heart-broken manner; and continually, while he thought and she wept, and an impenetrable curtain of darkness hid the one from the other, the chaise held on its course up-hill and down-hill, now bumping and rattling behind flying horses, and now rumbling and straining up Yatesbury Downs.

At last he broke the silence. 'What makes you think,' he said, 'that it is Sir George?'

She did not answer or stop weeping for a while. Then, 'He was to meet me at sunset, at the Corner,' she said. 'Who else knew that I should be there? Tell me that.'

'But if he is at the bottom of this, where is he?' he hazarded. 'If he would play the villain with you——'

'He would play the thief,' she cried passionately, 'as he has played the hypocrite. Oh, it is vile! vile!'

'But—I don't understand,' Mr. Thomasson stammered; he was willing to hear all he could.

'His fortune, his lands, all he has in the world are mine!' she cried. 'Mine! And he goes this way to recover them! But I could forgive him that, ah, I could forgive him that, but I cannot—forgive him——'

'What?' he said.

'His love!' she cried fiercely. 'That I will never forgive him! Never!'

He knew that she spoke, as she had wept, more freely for the darkness. He fancied that she was writhing on her seat, that she was tearing her handkerchief with her hands. 'But—it may not be he,' he said after a silence broken only by the rumble of wheels and the steady trampling of the horses.

'It is!' she cried. 'It is!'

'It may not——'

'I say it is!' she repeated in a kind of fury of rage, shame, and impatience. 'Do you think that I who loved him, I whom he fooled to the top of my pride, judge him too harshly? I tell you if an angel from heaven had witnessed against him I would have laughed the tale to scorn. But I have seen—I have seen with my own eyes. The man who came to the door and threatened us had lost a joint of the fore-finger. Yesterday I saw that man with *him*; I saw the hand that held the pistol to-day give *him* a note yesterday. I saw *him* read the note, and I saw him point me out to the man who bore it—that he might know to-day whom he was to seize! Oh shame! Shame on him!' And she burst into fresh weeping.

At that moment the chaise, which had been proceeding for some time at a more sober pace, swerved sharply to one side; it appeared to go round a corner, jolted over a rough patch of ground, and came to a stand.

CHAPTER XXII.

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

LET not those who would judge her harshly forget that Julia, to an impulsive and passionate nature, added a special and notable disadvantage. She had been educated in a sphere alien from that in which she now moved. A girl, brought up as Sir George's cousin and among her equals, would have known him to be incapable of treachery as black as this. Such a girl, certified of his love, not only by his words and looks but by her own self-respect and pride, would have shut her eyes to the most pregnant facts and the most cogent inferences; and scorned all her senses, one by one, rather than believe him guilty. She would have felt, rightly or wrongly, that the thing was impossible; and would have believed everything in the world, yes, everything,

possible or impossible—yet never that he had lied when he told her that he loved her.

But Julia had been bred in a lower condition, not far removed from that of the Pamela to whose good fortune she had humbly likened her own; among people who regarded a Macaroni or a man of fashion as a wolf ever seeking to devour. To distrust a gentleman and repel his advances had been one of the first lessons instilled into her opening mind; nor had she more than emerged from childhood before she knew that a laced coat forewent destruction, and held the wearer of it a cozened, who in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred kept no faith with a woman beneath him, but lived only to break hearts and bring grey hairs to the grave.

Out of this fixed belief she had been jolted by the upheaval that placed her on a level with Sir George. Persuaded that the convention no longer applied to herself, she had given the run to her fancy and her girlish romance, no less than to her generosity; she had indulged in delicious visions, and seen them grow real; nor probably in all St. James's was there a happier woman than Julia when she found herself possessed of this lover of the prohibited class; who to the charms and attractions, the niceness and refinement, which she had been bred to consider beyond her reach, added a constancy and devotion, the more delightful—since he believed her to be only what she seemed—as it lay in her power to reward them amply. Some women would have swooned with joy over such a conquest effected in such circumstances. What wonder that Julia was deaf to the warnings and surmises of Mr. Fishwick, whom delay and the magnitude of the stakes rendered suspicious, as well as to the misgivings of old Mrs. Masterson, slow to grasp a new order of things? It would have been strange had she listened to either of them, when youth, and wealth, and love all beckoned one way.

But now, now in the horror and darkness of the post-chaise, the lawyer's warnings and the old woman's misgivings returned on her with crushing weight; and more and worse than these, her old belief in the heartlessness, the perfidy of the man of rank. At the statement that a man of the class with whom she had commonly mixed could so smile, while he played the villain, as to deceive not only her eyes but her heart—she would have laughed. But on the mind that lay behind the smooth and elegant mask of a *gentleman's* face she had no lights; or only the old

lights which showed it desperately wicked. Applying these to the circumstances, what a lurid glare they shed on his behaviour! How quickly, how suspiciously quickly, had he succumbed to her charms! How abruptly had his insouciance changed to devotion, his impertinence to respect! How obtuse, how strangely dull had he been in the matter of her claims and her identity! Finally, with what a smiling visage had he lured her to her doom, showed her to his tools, settled to a nicety the least detail of the crime!

More weighty than any one fact, a thing he had said to her on the staircase at Oxford came back to her mind. 'If you were a lady,' he had lisped to her in smiling insolence, 'I would kiss you and make you my wife.' In face of those words, she had been rash enough to think that she could bend him, ignorant that she was more than she seemed, to her purpose. She had quoted those very words to him when she had had it in her mind to surrender—the sweetest surrender in the world. And all the time he had been fooling her to the top of her bent. All the time he had known who she was and been plotting against her devilishly—appointing hour and place and—and it was all over.

It was all over. The sunny visions of love and joy were done! It was all over. When the sharp, fierce pain of the knife had done its worst, the consciousness of that remained a dead weight on her brain. When the paroxysm of weeping had worn itself out, yet brought no relief to her passionate nature, a kind of apathy succeeded. She cared nothing where she was or what became of her; the worst had happened, the worst been suffered. To be betrayed, cruelly, heartlessly, without scruple or care by those we love, is there a sharper pain than this? She had suffered that, she was suffering it still. What did the rest matter?

Mr. Thomasson might have undeceived her, but the sudden stoppage of the chaise had left no place in the tutor's mind for aught but terror. At any moment, now the chaise was at a stand, the door might open and he be hauled out to meet the fury of his pupil's eye, and feel the smart of his brutal whip. It needed no more than this to sharpen Mr. Thomasson's long ears—his eyes were useless; but for a time, crouching in his corner and scarce daring to breathe, he heard only the confused muttering of several men talking at a distance. Presently the speakers came nearer, he caught the click of flint on steel, and a bright gleam of light

entered the chaise through a crack in one of the shutters. The men had lighted a lamp.

It was only a slender shaft that entered, but it fell athwart the girl's face and showed him her closed eyes. She lay back in her corner, her cheeks colourless, an expression of dull, hopeless suffering stamped on her features. She did not move or open her eyes, and the tutor dared not speak lest his words should be heard outside. But he looked, having nothing to check him, and looked; and in spite of his fears and his preoccupation, the longer he looked the deeper was the impression which her beauty made on his senses.

He could hear no more of the men's talk than muttered grumblings plentifully bestrewn with curses; and wonder what was forward and why they remained inactive grew more and more upon him. At length he rose and applied his eyes to the crack that admitted the light; but he could distinguish nothing outside, the lamp, which was close to the window, blinding him. At times he caught the clink of a bottle, and fancied that the men were supping; but he knew nothing for certain, and by-and-by the light was put out. A brief—and agonising—period of silence followed, during which he thought that he caught the distant tramp of horses; but he had heard the same sound before, it might be the beating of his heart, and before he could decide, oaths and exclamations broke the silence, and there was a sudden bustle. In less than a minute the chaise lurched forward, a whip cracked, and they rumbled on again.

The tutor breathed more freely, and, rid of the fear of being overheard, regained a little of his unctuousness. 'My dear good lady,' he said, moving a trifle nearer to Julia, and even making a timid plunge for her hand, 'you must not give way. I protest you must not give way. Depend on me! Depend on me, and all will be well. I—oh dear, what a bump! I'—this as he retreated precipitately to his corner—'I fear we are stopping!'

They were, but only for an instant, that the lamps might be lighted. Then the chaise rolled on again, but from the way in which it jolted and bounded, shaking its passengers this way and that, it was evident that it no longer kept the main road. The moment this became clear to Mr. Thomasson his courage vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

'Where are they taking us?' he cried, rising and sitting down again, and peering first this way and then the other. 'My

Gi—d, we are undone ! We shall be murdered—I know we shall ! Oh dear ! what a jolt ! They are taking us to some cut-throat place ! There again ! Didn't you feel it ? Don't you understand, woman ? Oh, Lord,' he continued, piteously wringing his hands, 'why did I mix myself up with this trouble ?'

She did not answer, and enraged by her silence and insensibility, the cowardly tutor could have found it in his heart to strike her. Fortunately the ray of light which now penetrated the carriage suggested an idea which he hastened to carry out. He had no paper, and, given paper, he had no ink ; but falling back on what he had, he lugged out his snuff-box and penknife, and holding the box in the ray of light, and himself as still as the road permitted, he set to work, laboriously and with set teeth, to scrawl on the bottom of the box the message of which we know. To address it to Mr. Fishwick and sign it Julia were natural precautions, since he knew that the girl, and not he, would be the object of pursuit. When he had finished his task, which was no light one—the road growing worse and the carriage shaking more and more—he went to thrust the box under the door, which fitted ill at the bottom. But stooping to remove the straw, he reflected that the road they were in was a mere country lane, where the box would be difficult to find ; and in a voice trembling with fear and impatience, he called to the girl to give him her black kerchief.

She did not ask him why or for what, but complied without opening her eyes. No words could have described her state more eloquently.

He wrapped the thing loosely in the kerchief—which he calculated would catch the passing eye more easily than the box—and knotted the ends together. But when he went to push the package under the door, it proved too bulky ; and with an exclamation of rage, he untied it, and made it up anew and more tightly. At last he thought that he had got it right, and he stooped to feel for the crack, but the carriage, which had been travelling more and more heavily and slowly, came to a sudden standstill, and in a panic he sat up, dropping the box and thrusting the straw over it with his foot.

He had scarcely done this when the door was opened, and the masked man, who had threatened them before, thrust in his head. 'Come out !' he said curtly, addressing the tutor, who was the nearer. 'And be sharp about it !'

But Mr. Thomasson's eyes, peering through the doorway, sought in vain the least sign of house or village. Beyond the yellow glare cast by the lamp on the wet road, he saw nothing but darkness, night, and the gloomy shapes of trees; and he hung back. 'No,' he said, his voice quivering with fear. 'I—my good man, if you will promise——'

The man swore a frightful oath. 'None of your tongue!' he cried, 'but out with you unless you want your throat cut. You cursed, whining, psalm-singing sniveller, you don't know when you are well off! Out with you!'

Mr. Thomasson waited for no more, but stumbled out, shaking with fright.

'And you!' the ruffian continued, addressing the girl, 'unless you want to be thrown out the same way you were thrown in! The sooner I see your back, my sulky Madam, the better I shall be pleased. No more meddling with petticoats for me! This comes of working with fine gentlemen, say I!'

Julia was but half roused. 'Am I—to get out?' she said dully.

'Ay, you are! By G—d, you are a cool one!' the man continued, watching her in a kind of admiration, as she rose and stepped by him like one in a dream. 'And a pretty one for all your temper! The master is not here, but the man is; and if——'

'Stow it, you fool!' cried a voice from the darkness, 'and get aboard!'

'Who said anything else?' retorted the ruffian, but with a look that, had Julia been more sensible of it, must have chilled her blood. 'Who said anything else? So there you are, both of you, and none the worse, I'll take my davy! Lash away, Tim! Make the beggars fly!'

As he uttered the last words he sprang on the wheel, and before the tutor could believe his good fortune, or feel assured that there was not some cruel deceit playing on him, the carriage splashed up the mud, and rattled away. In a trice the lights were gone, and the two were left standing side by side in the darkness. On one hand a mass of trees rose high above them, blotting out the grey sky; on the other the faint outline of a low wall appeared to divide the lane in which they stood—the mud and water rising rapidly about their shoes—from a flat, aguish expanse over which the night hung low.

It was a strange position, but neither of the two felt this to the full; Mr. Thomasson in his thankfulness that at any cost he had eluded Mr. Dunborough's vengeance, Julia because at the moment she cared not what became of her. Naturally, however, Mr. Thomasson, whose satisfaction knew no drawback save that of their present condition, and who had to congratulate himself on a risk safely run, and a good friend gained, was the first to speak.

'My dear young lady,' he said, in an insinuating tone very different from that in which he had called for her kerchief, 'I vow I am more thankful than I can say, that I was able to come to your assistance! I shudder to think what those ruffians might not have done had you been alone, and—and unprotected! Now I trust all danger is over. We have only to find a house in which we can pass the night, and to-morrow we may laugh at our troubles!'

She turned her head towards him. 'Laugh?' she said; and a sob took her in the throat.

He felt himself set back; then remembered the delusion under which she lay, and went to dispel it—pompously. But his evil angel was at his shoulder; again at the last moment he hesitated. Something in the utter despondency of the girl's figure, in the hopelessness of her tone, in the intensity of the grief that choked her utterance, wrought with the remembrance of her disorder in the coach, to set his crafty mind working in a new direction. He saw that she was for the time utterly hopeless; utterly heedless what became of herself. That would not last; but his cunning told him that with returning sensibility would come pique, resentment, the desire to be avenged. In such a case one man was sometimes as good as another. It was impossible to say what she might not do or be induced to do, if full advantage were taken of a moment so exceptional. Fifty thousand pounds! And her young beauty! What an opening it was! The way lay far from clear, the means were to find; but faint heart never won fair lady, and Mr. Thomasson had known strange things come to pass.

He was quick to choose his part. 'Come, child,' he said, assuming a kind of paternal authority. 'At least we must find a roof. We cannot spend the night here.'

'No,' she said dully, 'I suppose not.'

'So—shall we go this way?'

'As you please,' she answered.

But they had not moved far along the miry road before she spoke again. 'Do you know,' she asked drearily, 'why they set us down?'

He was himself puzzled as to that, but, 'They may have thought that the pursuit was gaining on them,' he answered.

'Pursuit?' she said. 'Who would pursue us?'

'Mr. Fishwick,' he suggested.

'Ah!' she said bitterly; 'he might. If I had listened to him! If I had—but it is over now.'

'I wish we could see a light,' Mr. Thomasson said, anxiously looking into the darkness, 'or a house of any kind. I wonder where we are.'

She did not speak.

'I do not know—even what time it is,' he continued pettishly; and he shivered. 'Take care!' She had stumbled and nearly fallen. 'Will you be pleased to take my arm, and we shall be able to proceed more quickly. I am afraid that your feet are wet.'

Absorbed in her thoughts she did not answer.

'However, the ground is rising,' he said. 'By-and-by it will be drier under foot.'

They were an odd couple to be trudging a strange road, in an unknown country, at the dark hour of the night. The stars must have twinkled to see them. Mr. Thomasson owned the influence of solitude, and longed to pat the hand she had passed through his arm—it was the sort of caress that came natural to him; but for the time discretion withheld him. He had another temptation: to refer to the past, to the old past at the College, to the part he had taken at the inn, to make some sort of apology; but again discretion intervened, and he went on in silence.

As he had said, the ground was rising; but the outlook was cheerless enough, until the moon on a sudden emerged from a bank of cloud and disclosed the landscape. Mr. Thomasson uttered a cry of relief. Fifty paces before them the low wall on the right of the lane was broken by a pillared gateway, whence the dark thread of an avenue trending across the moonlit flat seemed to point the way to a house.

The tutor pushed the gate open. 'Diana favours you, child,' he said, with a smirk which was lost on Julia. 'It was well she emerged when she did, for now in a few minutes we shall be safe under a roof. 'Tis a gentleman's house too, unless I mistake.'

A more timid or a more suspicious woman might have

refused to leave the road, or to tempt the chances of the dark avenue, in his company. But Julia, whose thoughts were bitterly employed, complied without thought or hesitation, perhaps unconsciously. The gate swung to behind them, and they plodded a hundred yards between the trees, arm in arm; then one and then a second light twinkled out in front. These as they approached were found to proceed from two windows in the ground floor of a large house. The travellers had not advanced many paces towards them before the peaks of three gables rose above them, vandyking the sky and docking the last sparse branches of the elms.

Mr. Thomasson's exclamation of relief, as he surveyed the prospect, was cut short by the harsh rattle of a chain, followed by the roar of a watch-dog, as it bounded from the kennel; in a second a horrid raving and baying, as of a score of hounds, awoke the night. The startled tutor came near to dropping his companion's hand, but fortunately the threshold, dimly pillared and doubtfully Palladian, was near, and resisting the impulse to put himself back to back with the girl—for the protection of his calves rather than her skirts—the reverend gentleman hurried to occupy it. Once in that coign of refuge, he hammered on the door with all the energy of a frightened man.

When his anxiety permitted him to pause, a voice was heard within, cursing the dogs, and roaring for Jarvey. A line of a hunting song, bawled at the top of a musical voice and ending in a shrill 'View Halloa!' followed; then 'To them, beauties; to them!' and the crash of an overturned chair. Again the house echoed 'Jarvey, Jarvey!' and finally an elderly man-servant, with his wig set on askew, his waistcoat unbuttoned, and his mouth twisted into a tipsy smile, confronted the wanderers.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BULLY POMEROY.

THE man held a candle in a hand that wavered and strewed tallow broadcast; the light from this for a moment dazzled the visitors. Then the draught of air extinguished it, and looking over the servant's shoulder—he was short and squat—Mr. Thomasson's anxious eyes had a glimpse of an old-fashioned hall, panelled and furnished in oak, with here a blazon, and there antlers or

a stuffed head. At the farther end of the hall a wide staircase rose, and branched at the first landing into two flights, that returning formed a gallery round the apartment. Between the door and the foot of this staircase, in the warm glow of an unseen fire, stood a small heavily carved oak table, with Jacobean legs, like stuffed trunk-hose. It was strewn with cards, liquors, glasses, and a china punch-bowl; but especially with cards, which lay everywhere, not only on the table, but in heaps and batches beneath and around it, where the careless hands of the players had flung them.

Yet, for all these cards, the players were only two. One, a man something over thirty, in a peach coat and black satin breeches, sat on the edge of the table, his eyes on the door and his chair lying at his feet. It was his voice that had shouted for Jarvey and that now saluted the arrivals with a boisterous 'Two to one in guineas, it's a catchpoll! D'ye take me, my lord?'—the while he drummed merrily with his heels on a leg of the table. His companion, an exhausted young man, thin and pale, remained in his chair, which he had tilted on its hinder feet; and contented himself with staring at the doorway.

The latter was our old friend, Lord Almeric Doyley; but neither he nor Mr. Thomasson knew one another, until the tutor had advanced some paces into the room. Then, as the gentleman in the peach coat cried, 'Curse me, if it isn't a parson! The bet's off! Off!' Lord Almeric dropped his hand of cards on the table, and opening his mouth gasped in a paroxysm of dismay.

'Oh, Lord,' he exclaimed, at last. 'Hold me, some one! If it isn't Tommy! Oh, I say,' he continued, rising and speaking in a tone of querulous remonstrance, 'you have not come to tell me the old man's gone! And I'd pitted him against Bedford to live to—to—but it's like him! It is like him, and monstrous unfeeling. I vow and protest it is! Eh! oh, it is not that! Hal—loa!'

He paused there, his astonishment greater even than that which he had felt on recognising the tutor. His eye had lighted on Julia, whose figure was now visible on the threshold.

His companion did not notice this. He was busy identifying the tutor. 'Gad! it is old Thomasson!' he cried, for he too had been at Pembroke. '*And a petticoat! And a petticoat!*' he repeated. 'Well, I am spun!'

The tutor raised his hands in astonishment. 'Lord!' he

said, with a fair show of enthusiasm, 'do I really see my old friend and pupil, Mr. Pomeroy of Bastwick?'

'Who put the cat in your valise? When you got to London—kittens? You do, Tommy.'

'I thought so!' Mr. Thomasson answered effusively. 'I was sure of it! I never forget a face when my—my heart has once gone out to it! And you, my dear, my very dear Lord Almeric, there is no danger I shall ever——'

'But, crib me, Tommy,' Lord Almeric shrieked, cutting him short without ceremony, so great was his astonishment, 'it's the Little Masterson!'

'You old fox!' Mr. Pomeroy chimed in, shaking his finger at the tutor with leering solemnity; he, belonging to an older generation at the College, did not know her. Then, 'The Little Masterson, is it?' he continued, advancing to the girl, and saluting her with mock ceremony. 'Among friends, I suppose? Well, my dear, for the future be pleased to count me among them. Welcome to my poor house! And here's to bettering your taste—for, fie, my love, old men are naughty. Have naught to do with them!' And he laughed wickedly. He was a tall, heavy man, with a hard, bullying, sneering face; a Dunborough grown older.

'Hush! my good sir. Hush!' Mr. Thomasson cried anxiously, after making more than one futile effort to stop him. Between his respect for his companion, and the deference in which he held a lord, the tutor was in agony. 'My good sir, my dear Lord Almeric, you are in error,' he continued strenuously. 'You mistake, I assure you, you mistake——'

'Do we, by Gad!' Mr. Pomeroy cried, winking at Julia. 'Well, you and I, my dear, don't, do we? We understand one another very well.'

The girl only answered by a fierce look of contempt. But Mr. Thomasson was in despair. 'You do not, indeed!' he cried, almost wringing his hands. 'This lady has lately come into a— a fortune, and to-night was carried off by some villains from the Castle Inn at Marlborough in a—in a post-chaise. I was fortunately on the spot to give her such protection as I could, but the villains overpowered me, and to prevent my giving the alarm, as I take it, bundled me into the chaise with her.'

'Oh, come,' said Mr. Pomeroy, grinning. 'You don't expect us to swallow that?'

'It is true, as I live,' the tutor protested. 'Every word of it.'

'Then how come you here?'

'Not far from your gate, for no reason that I can understand, they turned us out, and made off.'

'Honest Abraham?' said Lord Almeric, who had listened open-mouthed.

'Every word of it,' the tutor answered.

'Then, my dear, if you have a fortune, sit down,' cried Mr. Pomeroy; and seizing a chair he handed it with exaggerated gallantry to Julia, who still remained near the door, frowning darkly at the trio; neither ashamed nor abashed, but proudly and coldly contemptuous. 'Make yourself at home, my pretty,' he continued familiarly, 'for if you have a fortune it is the only one in this house, and a monstrous uncommon thing. Is it not, my lord?'

'Lord! I vow it is!' the other drawled; and then, taking advantage of the moment when Julia's attention was engaged elsewhere—she dumbly refused to sit, 'Where is Dunborough?' my lord muttered.

'Heaven knows,' Mr. Thomasson whispered, with a wink that postponed inquiry. 'What is more to the purpose,' he continued aloud, 'if I may venture to suggest it to your lordship and Mr. Pomeroy, Miss Masterson has been much distressed and fatigued this evening. If there is a respectable elderly woman in the house, therefore, to whose care you could entrust her for the night, it were well.'

'There is old mother Olney,' Mr. Pomeroy answered, assenting with a readier grace than the tutor expected, 'who locked herself up an hour ago for fear of us young bloods. She should be old and ugly enough! Here you, Jarvey, go and kick in her outworks, and bid her come down.'

'Better still, if I may suggest it,' said the tutor, who was above all things anxious to be rid of the girl before too much was said—'Might not your servant take her above stairs to this good woman, who will doubtless see to her comfort? Miss Masterson has gone through some surprising adventures this evening, and I think it were better if you would allow her to withdraw at once, Mr. Pomeroy.'

'Jarvey, take the lady,' cried Mr. Pomeroy. 'A sweet pretty toad she is. Here's to your eyes and fortune, child!' he continued impudently, filling his glass and pledging her as she passed.

After that he stood watching while Mr. Thomasson opened the door and bowed her out; and this done and the door closed after her, 'Lord, what ceremony!' he said, with an ugly sneer. 'Is't real, man, or are you bubbling her? And what is this Cock-lane story of a chaise and the rest? Out with it, unless you want to be tossed in a blanket.'

'True, upon my honour!' Mr. Thomasson asseverated.

'Oh, but Tommy, the fortune?' Lord Almeric protested seriously. 'I vow you are sharpening us.'

'True too, my lord, as I hope to be saved!'

'Eh, true? Oh, but it is too monstrous absurd,' my lord wailed. 'The Little Masterson? As pretty a little tit as was to be found in all Oxford. The Little Masterson a fortune?'

'She has eyes and a shape,' Mr. Pomeroy admitted generously. 'For the rest, what is the figure, Mr. Thomasson?' he continued. 'There are fortunes and fortunes.'

Mr. Thomasson looked at the gallery above, and thence, and slyly, to his companions and back again to the gallery; and swallowed something that rose in his throat. At length he seemed to make up his mind to speak the truth, though when he did so it was in a voice little above a whisper. 'Fifty thousand,' he said, and looked guiltily round him.

Lord Almeric rose from his chair as if on springs. 'Oh, I protest!' he said. 'You are roasting us. Fifty thousand! It's a bite!'

But Mr. Thomasson nodded. 'Fifty thousand,' he repeated softly. 'Fifty thousand.'

'Pounds?' gasped my lord. 'The Little Masterson?'

The tutor nodded again; and without asking leave, with a dogged air unlike his ordinary bearing when he was in the company of those above him, he drew a decanter towards him, and filling a glass with a shaking hand raised it to his lips and emptied it. The three were on their feet round the table, on which several candles, luridly lighting up their faces, still burned; while others had flickered down, and smoked in the guttering sockets, among the empty bottles and the litter of cards. In one corner of the table the lees of wine had run upon the oak, and dripped to the floor, and formed a pool, in which a broken glass lay in fragments beside the over-turned chair. An observant eye might have found on the panels below the gallery the vacant nails and dusty lines whence Lelys and Knellers, Cuyps and Hondekoeters had looked down on two generations of

Pomeroy. But in the main the disorder of the scene centred in the small table and the three men standing round it; a lighted group, islanded in the shadows of the hall.

Mr. Pomeroy waited with some impatience until Mr. Thomasson lowered his glass. Then, 'Let us have the story,' he said. 'A guinea to a China orange the fool is tricking us.'

The tutor shook his head, and turned to Lord Almeric. 'You know Sir George Soane,' he said. 'Well, my lord, she is his cousin.'

'Oh, tally, tally!' my lord cried. 'You—you are romancing, Tommy!'

'And under the will of Sir George's grandfather she takes fifty thousand pounds, if she make good her claim within a certain time from to-day.'

'Oh, I say, you are romancing!' my lord repeated, more feebly. 'You know, you really should not! It is too uncommon absurd, Tommy.'

'It's true!' said Mr. Thomasson.

'What? That this porter's wench at Pembroke has fifty thousand pounds?' cried Mr. Pomeroy. 'She is the porter's wench, isn't she?' he continued. Something had sobered him. His eyes shone, and the veins stood out on his forehead. But his manner was concise and harsh, and to the point.

Mr. Thomasson glanced at him stealthily, as one gamester scrutinises another over the cards. 'She is Masterson, the porter's, foster-child,' he said.

'But is it certain that she has the money?' the other cried rudely. 'Is it true, man? How do you know? Is it public property?'

'No,' Mr. Thomasson answered, 'it is not public property. But it is certain and it is true!' Then, after a moment's hesitation, 'I saw some papers—by accident,' he said, his eyes on the gallery.

'Oh, d—n your accident!' Mr. Pomeroy cried brutally. 'You are very fine to-night. You were not used to be a Methodist! Hang it, man, we know you,' he continued violently, 'and this is not all! This does not bring you and the girl tramping the country, knocking at doors at midnight with Cock-lane stories of chaises and abductions. Come to it, man, or——'

'Oh, I say,' Lord Almeric protested weakly. 'Tommy is an honest man in his way, and you are too stiff with him.'

'D—n him! my lord; let him come to the point then,' Mr.

Pomeroy retorted savagely. 'Is she in the way to get the money?'

'She is,' said the tutor sullenly.

'Then what brings her here—with you, of all people?'

'I will tell you if you will give me time, Mr. Pomeroy,' the tutor said plaintively. And he proceeded to describe in some detail all that had happened, from the *fons et origo mali*—Mr. Dunborough's passion for the girl—to the stay at the Castle Inn, the abduction at Manton Corner, the strange night journey in the chaise, and the stranger release.

When he had done, 'Sir George was the girl's fancy-man, then?' Pomeroy said, in the harsh overbearing tone he had suddenly adopted.

The tutor nodded.

'And she thinks he has tricked her?'

'But for that and the humour she is in,' Mr. Thomasson answered, with a subtle glance at the other's face, 'you and I might talk here till Doomsday, and be none the better, Mr. Pomeroy.'

His frankness provoked Mr. Pomeroy to greater frankness. 'Consume your impertinence!' he cried. 'Speak for yourself.'

'She is not that kind of woman,' said Mr. Thomasson firmly.

'Kind of woman?' cried Mr. Pomeroy furiously. 'I am this kind of man. Oh, d—n you! if you want plain speaking you shall have it! She has fifty thousand, and she is in my house; well, I am this kind of man! I'll not let that money go out of the house without having a fling at it! It is the devil's luck has sent her here, and it will be my folly will send her away—if she goes. Which she does not if I am the kind of man I think I am. So there for you! There's plain speaking.'

'You don't know her,' said Mr. Thomasson doggedly. 'Mr. Dunborough is a gentleman of mettle, and he could not bend her.'

'She was not in his house!' the other retorted, with a grim laugh. Then, in a lower, if not more amicable tone, 'Look here, man,' he continued, 'd'ye mean to say that you had not something of this kind in your mind when you knocked at this door?'

'I!' Mr. Thomasson cried, virtuously indignant.

'Ay, you! Do you mean to say you did not see that here was a chance in a hundred? In a thousand? Ay, in a million? Fifty thousand pounds is not found in the road any day?'

Mr. Thomasson grinned in a sickly fashion. 'I know that,' he said.

‘Well, what is your idea? What do you want?’

The tutor did not answer on the instant, but after stealing one or two furtive glances at Lord Almeric, looked down at the table, a nervous smile distorting his mouth. At length, ‘I—want her,’ he said; and passed his tongue furtively over his lips.

‘Oh lord!’ said Mr. Pomeroy, in a voice of disgust.

But the ice broken, Mr. Thomasson had more to say. ‘Why not?’ he said, plaintively. ‘I brought her here—with all submission. I know her, and—and am a friend of hers. If she is fair game for anyone, she is fair game for me. I have run a risk for her,’ he continued pathetically, and touched his brow, where the slight cut he had received in the struggle with Dunborough’s men showed below the border of his wig, ‘and—for that matter, Mr. Pomeroy is not the only man who has bailiffs to avoid.’

‘Stuff me, Tommy, if I am not of your opinion!’ cried Lord Almeric. And he struck the table with unusual energy.

Pomeroy turned on him in surprise as great as his disgust. ‘What?’ he cried. ‘You would give the girl and her money—fifty thousand—to this old hunks!’

‘I? Not I! I would have her myself!’ his lordship answered stoutly. ‘Come, Pomeroy, you have won three hundred of me, and if I am not to take a hand at this, I shall think it low! Monstrous low I shall think it!’ he repeated in the tone of an injured person. ‘You know, Pom, I want money as well as another—want it devilish bad——’

‘You have not been a Sabbatarian, as I was for two months last year,’ Mr. Pomeroy retorted, somewhat cooled by this wholesale rising among his allies, ‘and walked out Sundays only for fear of the catchpolls.’

‘No, but——’

‘But I am not now, either. Is that it? Why, d’ye think, because I pouched six hundred of Flitney’s, and three of yours, and set the mare going again, it will last for ever?’

‘No, but fair’s fair, and if I am not in this, it is low. It is low, Pom,’ Lord Almeric continued, sticking to his point with abnormal spirit. ‘And here is Tommy will tell you the same. You have had three hundred of me——’

‘At cards, dear lad; at cards,’ Mr. Pomeroy answered easily. ‘But this is not cards. Besides,’ he continued, shrugging his shoulders and pouncing on the argument, ‘we cannot all marry the girl!’

'I don't know,' said my lord, passing his fingers tenderly through his wig. 'I—I don't commit myself to that.'

'Well, at any rate, we cannot all have the money!' Pomeroy replied, with sufficient impatience.

'But we can all try! Can't we, Tommy?'

Mr. Thomasson's face, when the question was put to him in that form, was a curious study. Mr. Pomeroy had spoken aright when he called it a chance in a hundred, in a thousand, in a million. It was a chance, at any rate, that was not likely to come in Mr. Thomasson's way again. True, he appreciated more correctly than the others the obstacles in the way of success—the girl's strong will and wayward temper; but he knew also the humour which had now taken hold of her, and how likely it was that it might lead her to strange lengths if the right man spoke at the right moment.

The very fact that Mr. Pomeroy had seen the chance and gauged the possibilities, gave them a more solid aspect and a greater reality in the tutor's mind. Each moment that passed left him less willing to resign pretensions which were no longer the shadowy creatures of the brain, but had acquired the aspect of solid claims—claims made his by skill and exertion.

But if he defied Mr. Pomeroy, how would he stand? The girl's position in this solitary house, apart from her friends, was half the battle; in a sneaking way, though he shrank from facing the fact, he knew that she was at their mercy; as much at their mercy as if they had planned the abduction from the first. Without Mr. Pomeroy, therefore, the master of the house and the strongest spirit of the three——

He got no farther, for at this point Lord Almeric repeated his question; and the tutor, meeting Pomeroy's bullying eye, found it necessary to say something. 'Certainly,' he stammered at a venture, 'we can all try, my lord. Why not?'

'Ay, why not?' said Lord Almeric. 'Why not try?'

'Try? But how are you going to try?' Mr. Pomeroy responded with a jeering laugh. 'I tell you, we cannot all marry the girl.'

Lord Almeric burst in a sudden fit of chuckling. 'I vow and protest I have it!' he cried. 'We'll play for her! Don't you see, Pom? We'll cut for her! Ha! Ha! That is surprising clever of me, don't you think? We'll play for her!'

(To be continued.)

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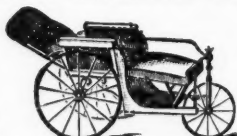
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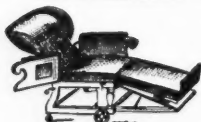
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